OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."....SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME II.] PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1825. [NUMBER 62.

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

"I would not live alway."—JOB.

What is there here, could make us wish to live
Beyond the time allotted man below?
Our life, what is it, but a scene of care,
Of want, of woe, and trifling incidents?
Th' immortal soul was ne'er designed to feast
On earth's vain, husky food, and try to fill
Its vast desires with aught below the sun.
An heir of bliss, should surely soar above,
To Heaven's high fountain of perennial joy.
The heir of earth's possessions longs to take
Supreme command of what is left to him.
Shall not the heir of Heav'n be more concern'd
To enter mansions, long prepared above
For his reception? O! how far we live
Below our hope, if earth engross our care,
And chain us down to things of time and sense.
A Christian should live here a sojourner
Who tarries for a time—a traveller
That waits the morning light, to speed his way
For home, his fond desire, where dwells his chief delight. C.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

OXFORD COUNTY SOCIETY

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF MORALS.

Agreeably to notice given in the *Oxford Observer* of May 26, 1825, the following *revised* CONSTITUTION, with a *Preamble*, is now presented for acceptance:

PREAMBLE.

In many respects this is an age of invention and of enterprise. Interesting and important discoveries are made. Great objects are undertaken with fortitude and hope, and pursued with zeal and expectation. Hence hills are levelled and valleys are filled. Rivers are turned out of their courses; Lakes are connected with lakes, and the union of vast oceans is now in contemplation.

The christian world also has begun to awake, and this has become an age of benevolence and of diffusing extensively the light of life. The Bible, translated into a great variety of languages, is distributed among nations and tribes, far and near. Not only the heathen world, but the ancient covenant people, the long neglected and despised descendants of Abraham, have the gospel sent to them in their own language. Even "they who go down in ships to do business on the great waters," are remembered with compassion: To their great joy the Bethel flag is hoisted. The heralds of Salvation are employed in every quarter of the globe and in the islands of the seas. As the blessed effects of the great combination of measures in operation, and as evidence that the prayers and the alms of Zion's friends ascend before God with acceptance, the veil of unbelief is rent from the hearts of Jews; the superstition of Pagans yields to the radiance of divine truth, and the heathen are casting their "idols to the moles and to the bats." Thus, wheels within wheels, seem moving on with steady and accelerating progress towards the more complete fulfilment of divine promises, and the more full execution of predicted events.

Is millennial glory then bursting upon the world! and is the King of Zion indeed on his way, coming in his royal greatness, from conquering to conquer? And hence have we now nothing to do, but to stand *inactive*, and yet presume on seeing the salvation of God? Alas! what is the state of society in this land of Sabbaths, of Bibles, and of Gospel privileges? Notwithstanding many hopeful appearances, and the certainty that the gracious purposes of Heaven will finally be accomplished, what is the apparent condition of many around us and in the midst of us? If the Lord Jesus is about to reign gloriously, and till all his enemies shall be put under his feet; have we no neighbors, friends or even relatives who are of that unhappy number? Are not *any* of them bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh? If so, can we feel indifferent, and yet view ourselves as the faithful friends and the compassionate imitators of Christ? Beside, are we not required, and encouraged, as instruments, to become workers together with God in accomplishing his gracious purposes? Yet will any say, nothing can be done for the improvement of morals? The condition of society is remediless? Let such consider what has been undertaken, what has been accomplished, and what are the gracious assurances to the faithful and persevering. If we ourselves be on the Lord's side, "greater is he that is with us, than he that is in the world." And if God be for us, who should linger? From observation it appears evident, that the great machinery of measures, for enlightening and reforming the world, cannot be complete till further exertions shall be made for a more extensive reformation of morals in civil and Christian communities. The work, even though great, is not the less important. And by the blessing of the Almighty it *may be* accomplished. The period of great events is already too far advanced to admit of insurmountable discouragements, and especially in the way of duty. The wise and prudent exertions of those who are in elevated stations will have a peculiar efficiency. Let all those also, who have the means of indulgence, deny themselves, and kindly admonish others, and their example will have influence, and their admonitions will not be wholly lost. If we cannot reclaim those who have been suffered to advance beyond the hopeful reach of mercy; we may, through grace, gain some who are not yet confirmed in vicious habits, and mildly restrain others from entering on forbidden ground.

CONSTITUTION.

In accordance with the foregoing Preamble, we, inhabitants of Oxford County, agree to form ourselves into a united fraternity, by the name of the *Oxford County Society for the improvement of morals*; and to adopt the following regulations as the Constitution of said Society, viz:

1. The Society shall consist of Delegates chosen by ballot, in Associations formed for the same purpose, in the several towns in the County aforesaid.

2. Each regular Association shall be entitled to one Delegate, and to two, should there be twenty members in the Association, and to three, should there be thirty, &c.

3. The aforesaid Delegates shall hold a meeting annually at a place and time previously appointed.

4. The officers of the Society to be chosen by ballot, at their first meeting, and annually afterwards, shall consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Recording and a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer, who, together, shall constitute a Board of Agents for doing any business which may devolve on them.

5. The officers of the several Associations, to be chosen as above, shall consist of a Moderator, Scribe, and Treasurer, who shall constitute a Committee for conducting any business of their respective Associations which may be assigned to them.

6. The several Associations will hold their stated meetings, at least, three times in a year.

7. Each individual, on becoming a member of an Association, and annually afterwards, will be expected to pay twelve and a half cents, and more, if disposed, to his respective Treasurer.

8. The Associate Treasurers are seasonably to transmit the money thus received, to the Treasurer of the County Society for the purchase of appropriate publications, at the discretion of the Board of Agents, and to be distributed according to their direction, but principally among the several Associations.

9. The meetings of the Society and of the several Associations are to be opened by some religious exercise, in addition to the reading of a portion of scripture, at the opening of the meetings. The intervening exercises may consist of appropriate addresses and other communications and discussions calculated to promote the object contemplated in this Constitution.

10. As the prime object of the Society and of the several Associations, is, the *improvement of morals*, among themselves and others, it will be the duty of all the members, conscientiously to refrain from the intemperate and needless use of all kinds of distilled spirits, and particularly at retailing Stores and all places of dissipation; to refrain especially from the unnecessary use of ardent spirits, on the Lord's day, on all religious occasions, and at funeral solemnities; to refrain from using profane language and from all immoralities, and to discountenance the same in others.

11. All the members will, moreover, be required to be industrious in some useful employment; to pay a sacred regard to the holy Sabbath and to the public worship of God; to reverence the Sanctuary of the Lord, when there assembled, by a sober and decorous behaviour; and to use their influence with others to practice the same virtues.

12. It is recommended that laborers be encouraged to accept of something as a substitute for ardent spirit, except when really needful; and that it be no longer used as a fashionable treat in the social circle.

13. To impress favorably the minds of the rising generation, it will be the pleasure of the several Associations to encourage amiable youth to unite and meet with them, though not as voters till of the age of twenty-one years.

14. Ladies, approving of these measures, are desired to unite their influence in promoting the same cause.

15. The Rev. Clergy are respectfully invited to attend our meetings, to encourage our laudable efforts, and to take a part in our social exercises.

16. In towns or plantations where Associations cannot be formed, according to the provision made in this Constitution, individuals may, on the same terms be elligible to membership in the County Society, if present at their annual meetings.

17. Other regulations, not repugnant to the preceding, may be occasionally adopted, when judged expedient by the respective Committees, and the Constitution itself, will be subject to revision, at the discretion of the Board of Agents.

N. B. *The first meeting of the* Oxford County Society *is to be held at Paris Meeting-house, on the third Wednesday of September next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.*

☞ The Editors of other papers, circulated in this County, are desired seasonably to give this notice.

Oxford County, (Me.) Aug. 25, 1825.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Packet ship Corinthian, at sea,
Saturday, 25th June, 1825.

"Thus far we sail before the wind," in a figurative, if not in a literal sense, our gallant ship having at length reached the fifty-second degree of north latitude, and the twenty-ninth of longitude, after a passage of seventeen days from New-York. She is now standing for the coast of Ireland, with a favorable breeze, bearing us at the rate of eight or nine knots the hour towards the port of destination; and as it is possible we may land at Cape Clear or Cork, if a fair opportunity shall present, with a view of visiting the principal places in that Island, before going to England or Scotland, I employ a leisure hour in retracing our path-way over the waste of waters to this point, reserving the remainder of the voyage to some future occasion.

Although I have kept a full dairy, in which a volume of minute incidents are recorded; yet, on a review, the contents appear too trifling and too monotonous for publication. Circumstances which attracted attention, and served to amuse *us*, insulated and cut off as we were from the rest of the world, would appear trivial in detail, and could afford no gratification to our readers. A general outline of our voyage thus far is all I shall attempt; and even this, under present circumstances, must be crude and imperfect. My letter will doubtless contain many things at which a sailor would laugh, as exhibiting the evidences of a complete landsman, or what the English denominate *Johnny Newcome*, the extent of my navigation having hitherto been confined to Long Island Sound. The whole scene has therefore been to me entirely novel.

With the circumstances of our departure from the Hook, and the ordeal of taking leave of our friends, you are acquainted. I hope the struggle of feeling, which such a moment is calculated to excite, was sustained with a becoming fortitude; "and he that would more is not a man." The heart experiences a new sensation, and throbs with new pulsations, as the eye surveys its native shores fast receding, with all the endearments of friends, country, and home. To a novice, the feeling is by no means allayed by the thought, that "he is going he knows not where," launching upon the wide ocean, and entering in fact upon an untried state of being. Light as these things may seem on shore, they will occasionally come over the heart at sea; and it is enough to say, that they were felt to their fulness, without, however, producing a moment's regret, at an undertaking, involving like all others, some doubts and some risks as to the result.

A fair but light breeze soon bore us away from the waters of New-York. Object after object faded from view. Staten Island and the blue summits of Neversink were soon lost in the horizon. Our course for some distance was nearly parallel with Long Island; and the last land we saw was the hills of South-Hampton. Every *American* passenger kept the deck, with his face turned homeward, till between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when the last glimpses of the shore faded into sky, and several of us for the first time realized the force of the poet's expression—"*undique cælum undique pontus.*" The blue sky and the blue ocean were all of the world that remained to us; and we felt, if we did not exclaim—"my native land, good night."

The separation had not till this moment become perfect; for the mind clung to the objects it could yet discern, as old acquaintances, and the dim and distant view of the hills along the Island formed the last tie to be severed. When this was dissolved, we began to regard our ship as our only home for the present and to examine into the resources which it afforded, for comfort, instruction, and amusement. Fortunately we have thus far found it abundant in all these particulars. The Corinthian is one of the handsomest and most gallant ships belonging to our port, being well built, as well as elegantly finished and furnished. She has a skilful commander, and her other officers and crew are uncommonly active and efficient, all manifesting, from the Captain to the cabin-boy, an anxiety to afford every accommodation to the passengers, and to maintain the high character of the ship. We have by a kind of sympathy, entered fully into their feelings, although we are emphatically "only passengers," and a species of pride is felt, as the Corinthian, with all her canvass spread, passes under full sail by other vessels standing upon the same course. When there is a brisk gale, with the speed of the Corsair's bark,

"She walks the water like a thing of life,"

dashing through the foam, and riding over the billows with the utmost majesty, leaving her competitors far behind. She has fallen in with perhaps a dozen ships and brigs in the course of our passage, none of which could keep in sight of her more than two or three hours.

The accommodations of the Corinthian are not inferior to her external appearance and to her character for fleetness. Our table has been spread four times a day, laden with all the variety of meats, fruits, and dilicacies, which the greatest epicure could desire, and crowned with several kinds of wine, not excepting champaign once or twice a week, for the purpose of drinking "sweet-hearts and wives"—a custom rigidly observed by us. Our ship is at once a farm and store-house, from which the most abundant supplies of fresh provisions are drawn at pleasure. Its deck has quite a rural appearance, where one hears the crowing of the cock, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, the lowing of the cow, and the bleating of sheep. There is an honest Irishman on board, named Jemmy, who is working his passage home, and whose special duty it is, to superintend the *farm-yard* and feed the stock. His assiduity, and the tenderness he manifests towards his little flock, particularly towards the cow, Sukey, have acquired for him the good wishes of all the passengers.

Sed paulo majora canamus:—We have thirteen passengers besides myself, four of whom are from New-York, one from Flushing, two from the city of Washington, two from Pennsylvania, one from the West Indies, one from Liverpool, one from Leicester in England, and a Colonel belonging to the British Army, who has been stationed in Canada. They are all well educated, intelligent, and gentlemanly men, who have seen much of the world, and are intimately acquainted with the respective countries to which they belong. Although we have no ladies on board to exercise their restraining influence, the utmost decorum in dress and demeanor is observed; and as much etiquette prevails daily at our table as is witnessed at a genteel dinner party. This circumstance has added greatly to the pleasures of our passage. There is a good library on board the Corinthian, which, with the books belonging to the passengers, and thrown into common stock, furnishes an ample supply of literary amusement. I have not found an hour hang heavy on my hands since my departure, except in cases of indisposition, which have been less frequent and less severe than I had anticipated. The day passes in reading and conversation, interspersed occasionally with a game at chess or back-gammon for recreation. These occupations, at once instructive and amusing, with the various operations in directing and managing the ship, presenting a sphere of the arts with a language peculiar to itself, with which I was in a great measure unacquainted, have left no room for *ennui*.

But there is a pleasure beyond what this little world, enclosed in wooden walls, can afford—the pleasure of looking abroad upon the boundless ocean, of watching its changing aspects, its restless agitation, its eternal heavings. There is a grandeur in such an expanse of water, stretching beyond the limits of vision, and on all sides mingling with the skies, even when its surface is calm and placid. But how is its magnificence heightened, when it is lashed into tumult, and the billows are crested with foam! I have stood for hours, to survey the waves rolling and tumbling in the verge of the horizon, with which they appear to be blended. It is at such a moment that man feels his weakness and insignificence, while the elements are in commotion, the sea dashing around him, in all its terror and sublimity, and a fathomless abyss yawning beneath, insulated as he is from the rest of the world, and devoid of human assistance. His confidence is limited to a plank, and that, apparently too fragile to withstand for a moment the violence and concussion of the waves.

In spite of all the convictions of safety and of all resolutions to meet whatever may come with firmness and fortitude, the imagination, startled by the creaking of masts, the piping of winds, and the dashing of the surge, will sometimes descend to the bottom of the ocean, and survey such horrors, as are depicted in the dream of Clarence:

"What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful couches;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

When the imagination has once reached the bottom of the ocean, it is very easy for it to extend its rambles through coral groves and those green recesses, which poets, and naturalists scarcely less fanciful, have supposed to exist. Buffon thinks that the depths of the sea exhibit all the varieties of hill and dale, earth and rock, that we observe on dry land; and that its plants and shrubs have a similar regular distribution. According to others, these vegetables and sub-marine productions are of the most gorgeous and splendid colors, vieing in richness and beauty with the most picturesque scenery of the earth above. Fancy may go a step further, and people these bright abodes with the inhabitants of the deep, or those fabled gods and goddesses, which the poets of antiquity called into existence.

But let us once more ascend to the surface, if our *bathos* has not carried us beyond a retreat. I have never before so fully realized the imagery which has been drawn from, and the epithets which have been applied to the ocean, by every writer from Homer down to Lord Byron, as my observation has enabled me to do in this short voyage. The epithet employed by the latter, in the first line of the Corsair,

"O'er the glad waters of the *dark blue* sea,"

is exactly true to nature, and expresses with minute accuracy the color of the ocean, at depths where there are no soundings. As you recede from the shore, the sea-green tinge vanishes, and the cerulean hue darkens in proportion to the depth of the water. So perceptible is this change, that we were able to discover in a moment when we had arrived at soundings upon the Grand Bank. A skilful mariner will ascertain with great accuracy the depth of the water by the eye, without the use of the lead.

Other natural objects, such as the sun, moon, and stars, acquire an additional interest, when seen from the ocean, particularly at their rising and setting. Some of our sun-sets have been glorious beyond description. As the bright orb sunk to the horizon, its disc became oblong, and flashed its splendors across the waves, tracing a pyramid of light of the brightest hue. This gorgeous imagery towards the West appears the more splendid, when contrasted with the darkness of the East, where there are no objects to reflect the beams of day, after the sun has reached the verge of the horizon, owing to the sphericity of the ocean. His disc appears to be tinged and gradually quenched by the waves, assuming as it sinks, a hundred different forms. On one evening, some of our passengers had the curiosity to climb to the round-top, while others held their watches below, for the purpose of ascertaining how much longer the sun could be seen at that height, than from the deck. The difference was found to be a minute and four seconds.

The moon, stars, and clouds have to us been equally fruitful sources of observation, appearing under new aspects, and being dearer from the eternal solitude, which reigns over long tracts of ocean, tumbling around the globe. We have often stood upon the deck, to see the star of evening go down, and the moon plunge her cold orb into the main, creating a silver drapery in the clouds around her, as she sinks to rest. When the sea is calm, twilight and the reflection of the ruddy west is delightfully soft and tranquil. The mornings too are sometimes extremely beautiful, the clouds reposing in the utmost serenity along the horizon, and apparently resting upon the blue unruffled waters. By good fortune, the *aurora borealis* has been added to the phenomena of nature observed by us. It brightened the whole north, and gave to the skies the appearance of twilight at break of day. The latitude of this place has in some measure changed the aspect of the heavens, the sun setting at 7 minutes after 8 o'clock, making the day 16 hours and 14 minutes long. Evening twilight does not disappear till about 10 o'clock, and the day dawns at a little after 2. There are of course at this season but a few hours of darkness, and even that brief reign is at present shortened by the moon, now fast becoming full orbed. The Captain informed at breakfast to-day, that twilight in the north-west was visible the whole of last night. In the course of our passage we have experienced nearly every variety of weather, except the severe gale, and have therefore enjoyed an opportunity of viewing the ocean under all aspects. Three days after leaving the Hook, we reached the Gulph Stream, and nearly crossed it, our ship being at one time as far south as the 38th degree of latitude. There is some advantage in taking this current in an eastward passage, as it runs at the rate of two or three knots an hour; but this seems to be in some measure counterbalanced by the bad weather and heavy swell to be encountered. It is indeed a region of tempests occasioned probably by the different temperature of the air and its effect in producing currents of wind. On Monday the 13th, we experienced a severe thunder storm, accompanied by heavy gusts, which continued from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till midnight. It was truly a terrific scene, especially after night came on. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the peals of thunder mingling with the roaring of the sea, were tremendous. The bolts fell thick around us, but the lightning did not appear to strike near the ship. A more sublime and awful spectacle than the ocean presented during this storm, can hardly be imagined. The sea as well as the skies seemed to be in a blaze, the phosphoric flashes of the former being scarcely less vivid than those of the latter. This tumult and war of the elements continued for many hours with unabated violence. The grandeur of the scene was heightened by the active bustle and cry of the hardy mariner, as he went aloft amidst the storm, to furl the sails. To a landsman it is really surprising to see with what alertness the sailor will climb to the dizziest heights, and leap from one part of the rigging to another. There is an active and interesting little boy on board, only thirteen years old, who is sometimes seen poised like the lark at the top of the mast, handing the royal. His name as well as his activity in climbing or descending has often reminded me of Gay's beautiful simile, in "Black eyed Susan."

At 10 o'clock on the night of this storm, Capt. Davis called me to the deck, (for the rain was so severe as to drive the passengers to the cabin,) for the purpose of witnessing what mariners term a *carpo sainto*, or sacred body—a phenomenon I was very anxious to see. A ball of fire was visible at the top of the main-mast, emitting a light not unlike that of a lamp. Indeed so striking was the resemblance, that I at first suspected some one had been playing off a quiz, by sending up a lamp, or that one of the crew was aloft with a light. But the reality of the phenomenon was soon ascertained. As it never appears except in storms, some have supposed it to be electrical; but the mate of the ship assured me, that he had often examined the substance emitting the light, and found it to be a mass of jelly, apparently composed of quarts or animalcules, exactly similar to those producing the phosphoresence of the ocean. This testimony, as well as my limited observation, seems to corroborate the theory of Mr. Baldwin, broached in the Statesman, in the year 1822.

When we had escaped the Gulph Stream, and had arrived at the Grand Bank, a sudden and very sensible change took place in the temperature of the atmosphere, indicated by our feelings not less than by the thermometer and barometer. All the cloaks on board were put in requisition, and even these were scarcely sufficient to keep us warm. We were also on the look-out for mountains of ice, amidst the fogs which constantly envelope this extensive shoal. June and July, are the months when these masses of

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Losses chequer life with sorrow,
Rich to-day, we're poor to-morrow;
Riches fly on golden pinions,
Now they plume the meanest minions;
Diamonds dazzling once our chest,
Glitter on the robber's breast;
Ships which once our treasures landed,
Now against the rocks are stranded:
Lustres of the brightest eye
Fade away as years pass by;
Roses blown on beauty's cheek
Droop when life's dim blaze is weak:
Grace of motion,—charms and glances,
Vanish when old age advances;
Senses, Reason, Youth, and Prime
Moulder in the wreck of time:
Love and Joy, and Pride, Ambition,
Swoon at life's last parting vision;
Pomp and splendor, trophies, lays,
Dissolve at Earth's last meteor-blaze;
Fame emblazoned,—Honor's bloom
Are nameless tenants in the tomb;
Temples, towers, and thrones decay,
Kingdoms vanish in a day;
Crowns are baubles for the dust,
Sceptred power in twain is burst;
Doomed for Ruin's Charnel all,
All enwrapped in Ruin's pall:
All but SPIRITS pure for Heaven;
Brighter hopes to *these* are given:
Mountains melting,—Earth dissolving,
Oceans boiling,—Spheres convolving,
Time convulses,—Systems rock;
These withstand Creation's shock:
These in endless bliss shall soar,
Live, "when TIME shall be no more."

CIMON.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

FRANCES' TOMB.

Here let me weep—here let my tears flow o'er the tomb
That shades a lovely flower, blighted in its bloom,—
Too dear for earth her fleeting soul has fled,
Death has consigned her with the awful dead.

Oh FRANCES! never will thy lovely image be forgot,
Forever hallow'd shall be this cherish'd spot;
Here on thy tomb, I'll shed the sacred tear,
And believe thy pure spirit hovering near.

When the Companions of thy youth, the gay, the proud,
Join in the festive dance, I will escape the crowd,
To yon cemetery my willing feet shall stray, and there
At thy tomb, will I pour forth my prayer.

And when grim Death his summons shall impart,
That's to heal the sorrows of this bleeding heart,
Our spirits mingling in the realms of bliss,
Will praise the GOD, that snatch'd us from a world like this.

J. K. H.

Portland.

THE QUARREL OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

When Love and Hymen both were boys,
They fix'd a day of smiling weather,
To show each other all their toys,
And pass an afternoon together.

To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,
And each with each was quick delighted;
Love shot his darts of surest aim,
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen soon, capricious elf,
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow,)
Told love he wished the bow himself,
And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon strait,
(Young Love is such a cheerful giver;)
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,
Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possest,
Men neither could not nor would resist 'em;
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,
And Cupid's arrows seldom miss'd 'em.

But changing thus their arms about,
The boys became perplex'd and stupid;
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,
And broke Affection's firmest tether:
So now, if Love and Hymen meet,
They seldom sojourn long together.

VARIETY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. EDITOR,—I do not recollect ever having seen the following Anecdote in print. It may, however, be relied on as substantially correct.

Yours, &c. UMBRA.

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, a man by the name of Johnson, who had from his birth lived in some town in the interior of New-Hampshire, became suddenly and unexpectedly possessed of a great estate. Thinking, probably, that "*money* makes the man and want of it the fellow," he looked upon his former associates and friends as *mere villains*, and therefore determined to "remove to Boston." Having established himself, with his family, in the Metropolis of Massachusetts, he felt and acted like every fool who carries his brains in his purse. One day, "with ivory-headed cane and beaver gloves" he went to old Faneuil-Hall Market to purchase a dinner. Having purchased his fat turkey, and, with a great display of *Shiners*, paid for it, he looked round and made inquiry for a "man" to carry it *home*; seeing a person, with some provision in his hand, and concluding, of course, he must be some gentleman's servant, told him if he would carry his turkey *home*, he would pay him for it.—"Certainly," said the person, "I will carry it to your house for a trifle." The "would-be-great man," "with head erect and precise step," strutted along a few paces in front of the supposed menial, till they arrived, after passing through the back avenue, to the kitchen, where he desired the turkey to be laid upon the table. This done, he demanded, "How much do you *ax* for this?" "Ninepence, Sir," was the reply, accompanied with a very low obeisance, "and, Sir, should you wish for any jobs of the kind hereafter, I shall frequently be in and about the market, and *can* serve you at almost any time." "Who shall I *ax* for?" "O, inquire for BILLY GRAY. I am pretty universally known in Boston I believe." The automaton was thunder-struck, stood a moment as if petrified, then very incoherently, asked the Hon. Mr. Gray's forgiveness and retired in the greatest confusion imaginable.

CARE

Is the lot of humanity; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace, to avoid the shivering of an ague.

AFFECTING STORY.

Some time ago, a young man took up his residence in a Scottish village, much celebrated for its delightful situation and mineral waters. During his stay, he succeeded in gaining the affections of a very amiable young girl, daughter of the person with whom he lodged. He told her he was a younger branch of a most respectable family in the north of Scotland, and that, owing to some domestic misfortunes, he was then in a kind of exile from his father's house, almost without the means of subsistence. By this representation, he had the address to draw money, to a considerable amount, from the affectionate and trusting girl. At length, pretending business of a particular nature called him away, he took leave, solemnly pledging to return in a few weeks and make her his wife. About three months after his departure a letter was delivered to her, dated from a jail in the south of Scotland. It proved to be from her lover, and stated, that, a short time after leaving her, he had from necessity contracted a trifling debt, which, being unable to pay, he had been thrown into prison, at the same time entreating her, as she valued his regard, to relieve him from a situation so unworthy of his family and prospects. The faithful girl, listening only to the dictates of her love, set off immediately with all the money she could procure, to give him liberty—happy in having this opportunity of shewing the strength of her attachment. In an inclement season—through a country with which she was unacquainted—weary and dispirited, she at length reached the place of her destination:—with slow and feeble step she proceeded upwards in the principal street leading to the market-place, but found it impossible to advance farther, owing to an immense crowd of people who had gathered together to witness the punishment of a criminal for some infringement on the laws of his country. In order to avoid the pressure, she stepped on the stairs leading to a draper's shop; and involuntarily turning her eyes upon the poor wretch who was writhing under the lash of the merciless executioner, beheld, with feelings not to be expressed, the object of her tender solicitude and love. Nor was this all: A large placard was placed upon his breast, intimating that the punishment he was then suffering was for the crime of theft. A piercing shriek told the agony of her bosom to the surrounding multitude, as in a state of insensibility she sank into the arms of one of the by-standers. The sympathy and care of strangers was not wanting, but though these recovered her from her swoon, yet reason again never dawned on her mind; and at this moment, she is to be seen wandering in her native village, the pity of all who knew her, and an affecting instance of the basest villainy triumphing over unsuspecting innocence.

REYNOLDS THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, 'when he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Stop,' said the good man, 'thou art mistaken; we do not thank the clouds for the rain; teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'

The following act of princely liberality is recorded by a friend concerning the same gentleman:—"When Mr. Reynolds resided at Cool-brook Dale, in the year 1765, he addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impressions made on his mind by the distresses of the community, and desiring them to draw upon him for such sums as they thought proper. They complied with his request, and drew in a very short time to the extent of *eleven thousand pounds*. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measures of his liberality; for in the course of a few months he again wrote, stating that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for *nine thousand pounds more*."

GENIUS AND TRADES.

The following list contains the names of eminent persons who have been concerned in or connected with trade:

Akenside, son of a butcher—Bloomfield, a shoemaker—Boccacio, natural son of a merchant—Bonner, (Bishop,) a peasant—Bunyan, a tinker—Burns, a ploughman—Butler, a farmer—Cervantes, a common soldier—Chatterton, an attorney's clerk—Chaucer, son of a merchant—Churchill, cider-presser—Cibber, son of a sculptor—Claude Lorrain, a pastry cook—Collins, son of a hatter—Columbus, a wool stapler—Crowley, son of a grocer—Cromwell, son of a brewer—Davenant, son of an innkeeper—De Foe, hosier, son of a butcher—Demosthenes, son of a sword maker—Erasmus, grandson of a physician—Euripides, son of a green grocer—Falconer, son of a barber—Fox, (Geo.) a shoemaker—Franklin, a journeyman printer—Gifford, a shoemaker—Gray, son of a scrivener—Howard, an apprentice to a grocer—Hume, a merchant's clerk—Jones, (Inigo,) a journeyman carpenter—Johnson, (Samuel,) son of a Bookseller—Johnson, (Benjamin,) bricklayer—Kooli Khan, son of a shepherd—Lillo, a jeweller—Luther, (Martin,) a miner—Mahomet, a camel driver—Milton, son of a scrivener—Moliere, son of a tapestry maker—Moore, (E.) a linen draper—Prior, (Mat.) son of a joiner—Rabelais, an apothecary—Rittenhouse, a watchmaker—Ramsay, (Allan,) a barber—Richardson, a printer—Rosseau, son of a cobler—Shakspeare, son of a wool stapler—Smollet, a surgeon—Tamerlane, son of a shepherd—Tillotson, son of a weaver—Virgil, son of a pedlar—Walton, (Izaak,) a linen draper—Watts, son of a shoemaker—Wilson, the Onithologist, apprentice to a weaver—Wolsey, son of a farmer—Zimmerman, a physician.

There is a man residing in Pottsgrove township, (Penn.) named Henry Hatsfield, who has been blind from his youth, caused by the small-pox; he is a very respectable citizen, and a few years ago purchased a tract of land, and now keeps a public house; he is married and has several children. Besides keeping a public house for a livelihood, he makes baskets of all sizes and descriptions, of a superior quality. What is most singular with him, he will go alone, as far as six miles from his home, with his axe, into a large wood where he will single out saplings or small trees, such as will answer his purpose of making splits, &c.; he will cut them down into such lengths as will suit; he will then hide his axe in the leaves or branches he may meet with, and start off to a neighboring farmer, employ his wagon and horses to haul his wood home, and then return and take his axe from the place where he had concealed it; this he will do without a living soul near him. This information we have from persons who have often seen him do the like. We ourselves have repeatedly seen him a considerable distance from home, travelling in the public road, and asked him if he knew where he was, and which way he was going; he has always answered correctly. His neighbors and acquaintances he recognises as soon as spoken to. He is the best performer on the violin in these parts, and can keep the instrument in as good order as any other person. He is a subscriber of ours, and very often calls himself at the office, to receive his paper. *Pottsgrove paper.*

Quaintness.—A clergyman of Massachusetts (says Mr. Tudor) being in the habit of preaching sermons that had no connexion with his texts, one of his parishioners observed, that, "*if his sermon had the small-pox, his text could not catch it.*"

THE ODD FELLOW.

Your odd fellow is one who will do nothing like the rest of the world. There was, a few years ago, a remarkable illustration of this character in one W——, a man of a small independent fortune, who lived in the borough of Southwark, (Eng.) This man acted wholly upon the principles of contradiction; on a Sunday he always wore the worst clothes he had, and fed on the worst food he could get, because others eat and wore the best.—On a Monday, because it is a kind of a holiday, he used to employ himself in some sort of work from morning till night; the rest of the week he kept holiday, dressing himself just decent on a Tuesday, better on a Wednesday, better still on Thursday, and so on till Saturday evening, when other people were busy and undressed, he was the idlest and best dressed man in the parish; he used to make a point of dining on a goose on Shrove Tuesday, and on pancakes on Michaelmas day; he fed upon oysters as long as the weather continued hot, but left off eating them as soon as there was an *r* in the month; he almost starved himself on Christmas day; and eat like a glutton when there was a public proclamation for a fast; when it rained hard he went without waistcoat or great coat, but would button himself up close and warm the hottest day in summer; he wrote with a skewer cut into the form of a pen, and fastened his letters with paste; he constantly sat on a table and eat off a chair; he slept in his kitchen, breakfasted in his garret, dined in the cellar, and eat his supper all the year round in the passage leading to the street door; he married three wives and lived with neither of them; he would frequently pay a waterman to take his boat and attend him on the banks of the Thames, but never got into it; and once a month he hired a coach, but always rode with the coachman; he sometimes called for a pot of purl at an ale house, and always drank it at the door; he shaved himself with a pen-knife, and made his pen with a razor; he combed his wig with a clothbrush; he sometimes went to church and staid the whole time of service; but never sat down—when in company he never spoke a word, but when alone he was always talking to himself; when he was sick he sent for the butcher, but often when in good health he consulted the apothecary; he paid his house rent in the middle of the quarter, and always before it became due; when he died he owed no man a shilling, and took sufficient care that no man should ever owe him sixpence.

THE BREECHES AND THE MAIL BAG.

A curious occurrence took place some time since in Hertfordshire, about twenty-five miles from London. The keeper of the Post-Office on the great Northern Road, who was in the habit of sleeping in a room so much elevated above the road as to enable him to hand out of the window the Post-Bag to the Guard of the Mail, had gone to bed at an early hour, according to custom. At half past three o'clock in the morning he was half awakened out of a heavy sleep by the well-known sound of the horn. He turned out of his bed mechanically, and handed out what he supposed to be his letter bag to the guard of the mail, who threw what he received, without looking very closely at it, into the receptacle. The coach proceeded to town without delay, and the Post-Office keeper resumed his sleep, in which he indulged until his wife, who rose at *five* o'clock, found it necessary to disturb him in consequence of missing his breeches, which he was in the habit of keeping on a chair next to the bed and in which the greater part of the receipts of the day were contained. His wig and other things were also missing. The first thing that suggested itself to both was that some thieves must have got in at the window, which they used, for the reason above stated to leave unfastened during the night. The good woman, however, upon looking under the bolster, found, to the astonishment of both, the letter bag, which should have been within a few miles of London at the time. The absence of the breeches was then fully accounted for. The owner fancied that the only safe place in the house was between the bolster and the bed.

On this occasion he had mistaken the letter bag, which, as well as his breeches, was made of leather, for his property, and placed it in the same spot. The guard, who it appears was satisfied with feeling, that what he had got was leather, took no notice of the extraordinary shape of the new letter bag, and was overwhelmed with surprise at finding, upon his arrival at London, that the first thing he laid his hand upon, in rumaging for the most valuable contents of the coach was a pair of old leather breeches, containing an old pair of drawers, a pair of black worsted stockings, a collar, a wig, and a pair of double sole shoes. He had, however, scarcely examined this precious deposit, when a messenger arrived in breathless haste, from the Post-Office keeper, with the bag, which the guard very willingly received in exchange for the breeches.

EQUIVOCAL POLITENESS.—The Count de Lauragan driving one day through Paris in a hack, was obliged to stop in a narrow street, by a handsome carriage which met him in it, and in which were seated the President B. and his lady. The President called out to the coachee to back—the Count bid him not budge, and asked the President what was his character in Paris to give such orders? Madame de B. *who was exceedingly ugly*, put her head out of the window, and cried to the Count, "Why don't you practise the politeness you preach?"—"Madame," replied the Count, "I beg your pardon a thousand times—if you had *shewn yourself* a little sooner, the coachman, the horses, myself, and all the equipage, would have fallen back."

An old revolutionary pensioner, whose name has been stricken from the roll on account of his property, and who has tried in vain to have it restored, lately applied to an attorney for assistance; he told him, in his wrath, he was determined to sue the *obligation*. He said he was not certain which ought to be sued, the President or Mr. Calhoun, but he supposed the action could be brought before the Prince Regent of England.

A young man, who was paying his addresses to an Irish girl, had gained so far on her affections that she had consented to attend him to the temple of Hymen, when some economical fears arose in his breast which cooled the flame Cupid had kindled; he therefore waited on his destined bride and began to talk of hard times, household expenses, &c. till her patience being exhausted, she very politely turned him out of the house. Her mistress, hearing the noise, called to know what it was. "Nothing, madam," replied she, "but kicking the cares of the world out of doors."

A native of Hibernia, relating to his friend the dangers and difficulties he had undergone, both by sea and land, speaks thus to him, with great seriousness: I believe, in my soul, John, that I have suffered every thing that man fears but death; and I expect, if I shall live, to suffer that also.

An Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern and there was but one bed for them. On retiring, the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. "Then," said Pat, "you may take the *under side*."

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

THE undersigned proprietors of Township numbered Two in said County of Oxford, respectfully represent, that the Road formerly laid out by order of the Court of Sessions for said County of Oxford, beginning at the dwelling house of WILLIAM MOUSE, in *Rumford*, and running through said township, and ending at the dwelling-house of BARNABAS ROWE in *Sumner*, is not necessary to accommodate the public; that the settlers on said land, do but in very few instances own their land, and are liable soon to be removed, and, of course, that said road cannot be necessary for their accommodation, and, if necessary, ought not to be made at the expense of the proprietors; they further represent, that said road cannot be put in any tolerable state of repair short of a tax almost equivalent to a total abandonment of the soil—They therefore respectfully pray your Honors that so much of said road, as is situated in said township, numbered Two, may be discontinued, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

THOMAS L. WINTHROP, By
LEVI WHITMAN, *Attorney.*
JOHN THOMPSON.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.

Court of Sessions, June Term, A. D. 1825.

On the foregoing petition, *Ordered*, That the standing Committee of the County, be appointed at the expense of the Petitioners to view the aforesaid road, and that said petitioners give notice of the same to the inhabitants of said towns of Sumner and Rumford, by serving on the respective Clerks of said towns, a copy of said Petition, and of this order of Court thereon, thirty days at least before the next term of this Court—and likewise, by publishing said Petition and order three weeks successively, in the *Oxford Observer*, the last publication to be three weeks before the next term of this Court; to be holden at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have why the prayer thereof should not be granted. The Court further order, that proceedings be stayed as to the sale of Township No 2, for the payment of a tax assessed on said Township at the last Term of this Court, on the petition of James B. Withington and others.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, *Clerk.*
Copy attest: R. K. GOODENOW, *Clk.*

CABINET-MAKER's STAND
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being about to remove to Portland, offers for sale his very *eligible* STAND for a *Cabinet-Maker*; pleasantly situated in the upper village, in the town of Waterford. He has occupied the Stand about four years, and has always found ready sale for his work; but circumstances now induce him to leave it. The property consists of about three quarters of an acre of excellent LAND, on which is a convenient *Cabinet-Maker's Shop*, with necessary appurtenances. He will sell the same cheap for cash or approved credit.

He has also a large assortment and variety of ready made

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

made as custom work, faithfully, and of the best materials; some of which is very elegant, consisting of MAHOGANY, BIRCH, MAPLE, and PINE BUREAUS, CHAIRS, TABLES, BEDSTEADS, &c.; all of which he will sell very cheap as above.

EDWARD CARLETON.

Waterford, August 22, 1825. 60

FOR SALE,

CENTRALLY situated in *Turner Village*, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL OF WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.

ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.

Turner Village, August 8, 1825. tf 59

FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD ON THE PREMISES,

EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,

A GOOD and spacious FARM, situated in the northerly part of *Dixfield*, containing about one hundred and fifty acres of *Excellent* LAND, a large proportion of which is under good improvement—a young, but thrifty ORCHARD of about two hundred Apple Trees; some of which *now* bear—cuts from twenty to thirty tons of HAY—*plenty* of PASTURING of the best quality—a new and convenient HOUSE, well finished—an AQUEDUCT of WATER conveyed into the house—a good BARN, about thirty and forty. Said Farm is situated about three fourths of a mile from the District School-house. Terms of sale, favorable to the purchaser. For further particulars inquire of SILAS BARNARD, or PHILIP ABBOTT, Jr. in said Dixfield.

Dixfield, August 15, 1825. tf 59

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

☞Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.——tf 34

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

☞All letters, addressed to the publisher, ☜*must be post paid.*☞

☞The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."..... SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME II.] PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1825. [NUMBER 62.

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

"I would not live always."—JOB.

What is there here, could make us wish to live
Beyond the time allotted man below?
Our life, what is it, but a scene of care,
Of want, of woe, and trifling incidents?
Th' immortal soul was ne'er designed to feast
On earth's vain, husky food, and try to fill
Its vast desires with aught below the sun.
An heir of bliss, should surely soar above,
To Heaven's high fountain of perennial joy.
The heir of earth's possessions longs to take
Supreme command of what is left to him.
Shall not the heir of Heav'n be more concern'd
To enter mansions, long prepared above
For his reception? O! how far we live
Below our hope, if earth engross our care,
And chain us down to things of time and sense.
A Christian should live here a sojourner
Who tarries for a time—a traveller
That waits the morning light, to speed his way
For home, his fond desire, where dwells his chief delight. C.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

OXFORD COUNTY SOCIETY
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF MORALS.

Agreeably to notice given in the *Oxford Observer* of May 26, 1825, the following *revised* CONSTITUTION, with a *Preamble*, is now presented for acceptance:

PREAMBLE.

In many respects this is an age of invention and of enterprise. Interesting and important discoveries are made. Great objects are undertaken with fortitude and hope, and pursued with zeal and expectation. Hence hills are levelled and valleys are filled. Rivers are turned out of their courses; Lakes are connected with lakes, and the union of vast oceans is now in contemplation.

The christian world also has begun to awake, and this has become an age of benevolence and of diffusing extensively the light of life. The Bible, translated into a great variety of languages, is distributed among nations and tribes, far and near. Not only the heathen world, but the ancient covenant people, the long neglected and despised descendants of Abraham, have the gospel sent to them in their own language. Even "they who go down in ships to do business on the great waters," are remembered with compassion: To their great joy the Bethel flag is hoisted. The heralds of Salvation are employed in every quarter of the globe and in the islands of the seas. As the blessed effects of the great combination of measures in operation, and as evidence that the prayers and the alms of Zion's friends ascend before God with acceptance, the veil of unbelief is rent from the hearts of Jews; the superstition of Pagans yields to the radiance of divine truth, and the heathen are casting their "idols to the moles and to the bats." Thus, wheels within wheels, seem moving on with steady and accelerating progress towards the more complete fulfilment of divine promises, and the more full execution of predicted events.

Is millennial glory then bursting upon the world! and is the King of Zion indeed on his way, coming in his royal greatness, from conquering to conquer? And hence have we now nothing to do, but to stand *inactive*, and yet presume on seeing the salvation of God? Alas! what is the state of society in this land of Sabbaths, of Bibles, and of Gospel privileges? Notwithstanding many hopeful appearances, and the certainty that the gracious purposes of Heaven will finally be accomplished, what is the apparent condition of many around us and in the midst of us? If the Lord Jesus is about to reign gloriously, and till all his enemies shall be put under his feet; have we no neighbors, friends or even relatives who are of that unhappy number? Are not *any* of them bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh? If so, can we feel indifferent, and yet view ourselves as the faithful friends and the compassionate imitators of Christ? Beside, are we not required, and encouraged, as instruments, to become workers together with God in accomplishing his gracious purposes? Yet will any say, nothing can be done for the improvement of morals? The condition of society is remediless? Let such consider what has been undertaken, what has been accomplished, and what are the gracious assurances to the faithful and persevering. If we ourselves be on the Lord's side, "greater is he that is with us, than he that is in the world." And if God be for us, who should linger? From observation it appears evident, that the great machinery of measures, for enlightening and reforming the world, cannot be complete till further exertions shall be made for a more extensive reformation of morals in civil and Christian communities. The work, even though great, is not the less important. And by the blessing of the Almighty it *may be* accomplished. The period of great events is already too far advanced to admit of insurmountable discouragements, and especially in the way of duty. The wise and prudent exertions of those who are in elevated stations will have a peculiar efficiency. Let all those also, who have the means of indulgence, deny themselves, and kindly admonish others, and their example will have influence, and their admonitions will not be wholly lost. If we cannot reclaim those who have been suffered to advance beyond the hopeful reach of mercy; we may, through grace, gain some who are not yet confirmed in vicious habits, and mildly restrain others from entering on forbidden ground.

CONSTITUTION.

In accordance with the foregoing Preamble, we, inhabitants of Oxford County, agree to form ourselves into a united fraternity, by the name of the *Oxford County Society for the improvement of morals*; and to adopt the following regulations as the Constitution of said Society, viz.:

1. The Society shall consist of Delegates chosen by ballot, in Associations formed for the same purpose, in the several towns in the County aforesaid.

2. Each regular Association shall be entitled to one Delegate, and to two, should there be twenty members in the Association, and to three, should there be thirty, &c.

3. The aforesaid Delegates shall hold a meeting annually at a place and time previously appointed.

4. The officers of the Society to be chosen by ballot, at their first meeting, and annually afterwards, shall consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Recording and a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer, who, together, shall constitute a Board of Agents for doing any business which may devolve on them.

5. The officers of the several Associations, to be chosen as above, shall consist of a Moderator, Scribe, and Treasurer, who shall constitute a Committee for conducting any business of their respective Associations which may be assigned to them.

6. The several Associations will hold their stated meetings, at least, three times in a year.

7. Each individual, on becoming a member of an Association, and annually afterwards, will be expected to pay twelve and a half cents, and more, if disposed, to his respective Treasurer.

8. The Associate Treasurers are seasonably to transmit the money thus received, to the Treasurer of the County Society for the purchase of appropriate publications, at the discretion of the Board of Agents, and to be distributed according to their direction, but principally among the several Associations.

9. The meetings of the Society and of the several Associations are to be opened by some religious exercise, in addition to the reading of a portion of scripture, at the opening of the meetings. The intervening exercises may consist of appropriate addresses and other communications and discussions calculated to promote the object contemplated in this Constitution.

10. As the prime object of the Society and of the several Associations, is, the *improvement of morals*, among themselves and others, it will be the duty of all the members, conscientiously to refrain from the intemperate and needless use of all kinds of distilled spirits, and particularly at retailing Stores and all places of dissipation; to refrain especially from the unnecessary use of ardent spirits, on the Lord's day, on all religious occasions, and at funeral solemnities; to refrain from using profane language and from all immoralities, and to discountenance the same in others.

11. All the members will, moreover, be required to be industrious in some useful employment; to pay a sacred regard to the holy Sabbath and to the public worship of God; to reverence the Sanctuary of the Lord, when there assembled, by a sober and decorous behaviour; and to use their influence with others to practice the same virtues.

12. It is recommended that laborers be encouraged to accept of something as a substitute for ardent spirit, except when really needful; and that it be no longer used as a fashionable treat in the social circle.

13. To impress favorably the minds of the rising generation, it will be the pleasure of the several Associations to encourage amiable youth to unite and meet with them, though not as voters till of the age of twenty-one years.

14. Ladies, approving of these measures, are desired to unite their influence in promoting the same cause.

15. The Rev. Clergy are respectfully invited to attend our meetings, to encourage our laudable efforts, and to take a part in our social exercises.

16. In towns or plantations where Associations cannot be formed, according to the provision made in this Constitution, individuals may, on the same terms be eligible to membership in the County Society, if present at their annual meetings.

17. Other regulations, not repugnant to the preceding, may be occasionally adopted, when judged expedient by the respective Committees, and the Constitution itself, will be subject to revision, at the discretion of the Board of Agents.

N. B. *The first meeting of the* Oxford County Society *is to be held at Paris Meeting-house, on the third Wednesday of September next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.*

☞ The Editors of other papers, circulated in this County, are desired seasonably to give this notice.

Oxford County, (Me.) Aug. 25, 1825.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Packet ship Corinthian, at sea,
Saturday, 25th June, 1825.

"Thus far we sail before the wind," in a figurative, if not in a literal sense, our gallant ship having at length reached the fifty-second degree of north latitude, and the twenty-ninth of longitude, after a passage of seventeen days from New-York. She is now standing for the coast of Ireland, with a favorable breeze, bearing us at the rate of eight or nine knots the hour towards the port of destination; and as it is possible we may land at Cape Clear or Cork, if a fair opportunity shall present, with a view of visiting the principal places in that Island, before going to England or Scotland, I employ a leisure hour in retracing our path-way over the waste of waters to this point, reserving the remainder of the voyage to some future occasion.

Although I have kept a full dairy, in which a volume of minute incidents are recorded; yet, on a review, the contents appear too trifling and too monotonous for publication. Circumstances which attracted attention, and served to amuse *us*, insulated and cut off as we were from the rest of the world, would appear trivial in detail, and could afford no gratification to our readers. A general outline of our voyage thus far is all I shall attempt; and even this, under present circumstances, must be crude and imperfect. My letter will doubtless contain many things at which a sailor would laugh, as exhibiting the evidences of a complete landsman, or what the English denominate *Johnny Newcome*, the extent of my navigation having hitherto been confined to Long Island Sound. The whole scene has therefore been to me entirely novel.

With the circumstances of our departure from the Hook, and the ordeal of taking leave of our friends, you are acquainted. I hope the struggle of feeling, which such a moment is calculated to excite, was sustained with a becoming fortitude; "and he that would more is not a man." The heart experiences a new sensation, and throbs with new pulsations, as the eye surveys its native shores fast receding, with all the endearments of friends, country, and home. To a novice, the feeling is by no means allayed by the thought, that "he is going he knows not where," launching upon the wide ocean, and entering in fact upon an untried state of being. Light as these things may seem on shore, they will occasionally come over the heart at sea; and it is enough to say, that they were felt to their fulness, without, however, producing a moment's regret, at an undertaking, involving like all others, some doubts and some risks as to the result.

A fair but light breeze soon bore us away from the waters of New-York. Object after object faded from view. Staten Island and the blue summits of Neversink were soon lost in the horizon. Our course for some distance was nearly parallel with Long Island; and the last land we saw was the hills of South-Hampton. Every *American* passenger kept the deck, with his face turned homeward, till between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when the last glimpses of the shore faded into sky, and several of us for the first time realized the force of the poet's expression—"*undique cœlum undique pontus.*" The blue sky and the blue ocean were all of the world that remained to us; and we felt, if we did not exclaim—"my native land, good night."

The separation had not till this moment become perfect; for the mind clung to the objects it could yet discern, as old acquaintances, and the dim and distant view of the hills along the Island formed the last tie to be severed. When this was dissolved, we began to regard our ship as our only home for the present and to examine into the resources which it afforded, for comfort, instruction, and amusement. Fortunately we have thus far found it abundant in all these particulars. The Corinthian is one of the handsomest and most gallant ships belonging to our port, being well built, as well as elegantly finished and furnished. She has a skilful commander, and her other officers and crew are uncommonly active and efficient, all manifesting, from the Captain to the cabin-boy, an anxiety to afford every accommodation to the passengers, and to maintain the high character of the ship. We have by a kind of sympathy, entered fully into their feelings, although we are emphatically "only passengers," and a species of pride is felt, as the Corinthian, with all her canvass spread, passes under full sail by other vessels standing upon the same course. When there is a brisk gale, with the speed of the Corsair's bark,

"She walks the water like a thing of life,"

dashing through the foam, and riding over the billows with the utmost majesty, leaving her competitors far behind. She has fallen in with perhaps a dozen ships and brigs in the course of our passage, none of which could keep in sight of her more than two or three hours.

The accommodations of the Corinthian are not inferior to her external appearance and to her character for fleetness. Our table has been spread four times a day, laden with all the variety of meats, fruits, and dilicacies, which the greatest epicure could desire, and crowned with several kinds of wine, not excepting champaign once or twice a week, for the purpose of drinking "sweet-hearts and wives"—a custom rigidly observed by us. Our ship is at once a farm and store-house, from which the most abundant supplies of fresh provisions are drawn at pleasure. Its deck has quite a rural appearance, where one hears the crowing of the cock, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, the lowing of the cow, and the bleating of sheep. There is an honest Irishman on board, named Jemmy, who is working his passage home, and whose special duty it is, to superintend the *farm-yard* and feed the stock. His assiduity, and the tenderness he manifests towards his little flock, particularly towards the cow, Sukey, have acquired for him the good wishes of all the passengers.

Sed paulo majora canamus:—We have thirteen passengers besides myself, four of whom are from New-York, one from Flushing, two from the city of Washington, two from Pennsylvania, one from the West Indies, one from Liverpool, one from Leicester in England, and a Colonel belonging to the British Army, who has been stationed in Canada. They are all well educated, intelligent, and gentlemanly men, who have seen much of the world, and are intimately acquainted with the respective countries to which they belong. Although we have no ladies on board to exercise their restraining influence, the utmost decorum in dress and demeanor is observed; and as much etiquette prevails daily at our table as is witnessed at a genteel dinner party. This circumstance has added greatly to the pleasures of our passage. There is a good library on board the Corinthian, which, with the books belonging to the passengers, and thrown into common stock, furnishes an ample supply of literary amusement. I have not found an hour hang heavy on my hands since my departure, except in cases of indisposition, which have been less frequent and less severe than I had anticipated. The day passes in reading and conversation, interspersed occasionally with a game at chess or back-gammon for recreation. These occupations, at once instructive and amusing, with the various operations in directing and managing the ship, presenting a sphere of the arts with a language peculiar to itself, with which I was in a great measure unacquainted, have left no room for *ennui*.

But there is a pleasure beyond what this little world, enclosed in wooden walls, can afford—the pleasure of looking abroad upon the boundless ocean, of watching its changing aspects, its restless agitation, its eternal heavings. There is a grandeur in such an expanse of water, stretching beyond the limits of vision, and on all sides mingling with the skies, even when its surface is calm and placid. But how is its magnificence heightened, when it is lashed into tumult, and the billows are crested with foam! I have stood for hours, to survey the waves rolling and tumbling in the verge of the horizon, with which they appear to be blended. It is at such a moment that man feels his weakness and insignificence, while the elements are in commotion, the sea dashing around him, in all its terror and sublimity, and a fathomless abyss yawning beneath, insulated as he is from the rest of the world, and devoid of human assistance. His confidence is limited to a plank, and that, apparently too fragile to withstand for a moment the violence and concussion of the waves.

In spite of all the convictions of safety and of all resolutions to meet whatever may come with firmness and fortitude, the imagination, startled by the creaking of masts, the piping of winds, and the dashing of the surge, will sometimes descend to the bottom of the ocean, and survey such horrors, as are depicted in the dream of Clarence:

"What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful couches;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

When the imagination has once reached the bottom of the ocean, it is very easy for it to extend its rambles through coral groves and those green recesses, which poets, and naturalists scarcely less fanciful, have supposed to exist. Buffon thinks that the depths of the sea exhibit all the varieties of hill and dale, earth and rock, that we observe on dry land; and that its plants and shrubs have a similar regular distribution. According to others, these vegetables and sub-marine productions are of the most gorgeous and splendid colors, vieing in richness and beauty with the most picturesque scenery of the earth above. Fancy may go a step further, and people these bright abodes with the inhabitants of the deep, or those fabled gods and goddesses, which the poets of antiquity called into existence.

But let us once more ascend to the surface, if our *bathos* has not carried us beyond a retreat. I have never before so fully realized the imagery which has been drawn from, and the epithets which have been applied to the ocean, by every writer from Homer down to Lord Byron, as my observation has enabled me to do in this short voyage. The epithet employed by the latter, in the first line of the Corsair,

"O'er the glad waters of the *dark blue* sea,"

is exactly true to nature, and expresses with minute accuracy the color of the ocean, at depths where there are no soundings. As you recede from the shore, the sea-green tinge vanishes, and the cerulean hue darkens in proportion to the depth of the water. So perceptible is this change, that we were able to discover in a moment when we had arrived at soundings upon the Grand Bank. A skilful mariner will ascertain with great accuracy the depth of the water by the eye, without the use of the lead.

Other natural objects, such as the sun, moon, and stars, acquire an additional interest, when seen from the ocean, particularly at their rising and setting. Some of our sun-sets have been glorious beyond description. As the bright orb sunk to the horizon, its disc became oblong, and flashed its splendors across the waves, tracing a pyramid of light of the brightest hue. This gorgeous imagery towards the West appears the more splendid, when contrasted with the darkness of the East, where there are no objects to reflect the beams of day, after the sun has reached the verge of the horizon, owing to the sphericity of the ocean. His disc appears to be tinged and gradually quenched by the waves, assuming as it sinks, a hundred different forms. On one evening, some of our passengers had the curiosity to climb to the round-top, while others held their watches below, for the purpose of ascertaining how much longer the sun could be seen at that height, than from the deck. The difference was found to be a minute and four seconds.

The moon, stars, and clouds have to us been equally fruitful sources of observation, appearing under new aspects, and being dearer from the eternal solitude, which reigns over long tracts of ocean, tumbling around the globe. We have often stood upon the deck, to see the star of evening go down, and the moon plunge her cold orb into the main, creating a silver drapery in the clouds around her, as she sinks to rest. When the sea is calm, twilight and the reflection of the ruddy west is delightfully soft and tranquil. The mornings too are sometimes extremely beautiful, the clouds reposing in the utmost serenity along the horizon, and apparently resting upon the blue unruffled waters. By good fortune, the *aurora borealis* has been added to the phenomena of nature observed by us. It brightened the whole north, and gave to the skies the appearance of twilight at break of day. The latitude of this place has in some measure changed the aspect of the heavens, the sun setting at 7 minutes after 8 o'clock, making the day 16 hours and 14 minutes long. Evening twilight does not disappear till about 10 o'clock, and the day dawns at a little after 2. There are of course at this season but a few hours of darkness, and even that brief reign is at present shortened by the moon, now fast becoming full orbed. The Captain informed at breakfast to-day, that twilight in the north-west was visible the whole of last night. In the course of our passage we have experienced nearly every variety of weather, except the severe gale, and have therefore enjoyed an opportunity of viewing the ocean under all aspects. Three days after leaving the Hook, we reached the Gulph Stream, and nearly crossed it, our ship being at one time as far south as the 38th degree of latitude. There is some advantage in taking this current in an eastward passage, as it runs at the rate of two or three knots an hour; but this seems to be in some measure counterbalanced by the bad weather and heavy swell to be encountered. It is indeed a region of tempests occasioned probably by the different temperature of the air and its effect in producing currents of wind. On Monday the 13th, we experienced a severe thunder storm, accompanied by heavy gusts, which continued from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till midnight. It was truly a terrific scene, especially after night came on. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the peals of thunder mingling with the roaring of the sea, were tremendous. The bolts fell thick around us, but the lightning did not appear to strike near the ship. A more sublime and awful spectacle than the ocean presented during this storm, can hardly be imagined. The sea as well as the skies seemed to be in a blaze, the phosphoric flashes of the former being scarcely less vivid than those of the latter. This tumult and war of the elements continued for many hours with unabated violence. The grandeur of the scene was heightened by the active bustle and cry of the hardy mariner, as he went aloft amidst the storm, to furl the sails. To a landsman it is really surprising to see with what alertness the sailor will climb to the dizziest heights, and leap from one part of the rigging to another. There is an active and interesting little boy on board, only thirteen years old, who is sometimes seen poised like the lark at the top of the mast, handing the royal. His name as well as his activity in climbing or descending has often reminded me of Gay's beautiful simile, in "Black eyed Susan."

At 10 o'clock on the night of this storm, Capt. Davis called me to the deck, (for the rain was so severe as to drive the passengers to the cabin,) for the purpose of witnessing what mariners term a *carpo sainto*, or sacred body—a phenomenon I was very anxious to see. A ball of fire was visible at the top of the main-mast, emitting a light not unlike that of a lamp. Indeed so striking was the resemblance, that I at first suspected some one had been playing off a quiz, by sending up a lamp, or that one of the crew was aloft with a light. But the reality of the phenomenon was soon ascertained. As it never appears except in storms, some have supposed it to be electrical; but the mate of the ship assured me, that he had often examined the substance emitting the light, and found it to be a mass of jelly, apparently composed of quaris or animalcules, exactly similar to those producing the phosphoresence of the ocean. This testimony, as well as my limited observation, seems to corroborate the theory of Mr. Baldwin, broached in the Statesman, in the year 1822.

When we had escaped the Gulph Stream, and had arrived at the Grand Bank, a sudden and very sensible change took place in the temperature of the atmosphere, indicated by our feelings not less than by the thermometer and barometer. All the cloaks on board were put in requisition, and even these were scarcely sufficient to keep us warm. We were also on the look-out for mountains of ice, amidst the fogs which constantly envelope this extensive shoal. June and July, are the months when these masses of

ice from the arctic regions arrive at this part of the ocean, and are frequently seen in the most fantastic forms, resembling enchanted islands, mountains, churches, and castles. The passengers were desirous of witnessing so great a curiosity, although they did not care to come very near to such dangerous and formidable obstructions to navigation. The melting of the ice creates a thick vapor around it, and vessels frequently run close upon the floating masses, before they are discovered, as was the case with the Packet Liverpool, which was lost a year or two since. Our eyes were strained in vain, and a few days bore us beyond the region of these mountains from the pole.

From the 20th to the 22d of June inclusive, the ship lay in a dead calm. On the last mentioned day, so perfectly tranquil was the ocean, that the Captain ordered the jolly-boat to be launched, and four of us with a man at the helm, rowed to the distance of a mile from the ship,—the little boat climbing over the smooth swells with an easy and delightful motion. We brought back with us a large *Nautilus*, or Portuguese man-of-war, as this animal is generally called by the sailors. He is a curious creature, peculiarly fitted for the element on the surface of which he moves, being furnished with a keel, anchor, sails, and ballast, for the purposes of navigation. Possessing the power of loco-motion, he can shift his position so as to catch the gale, and glide over the highest waves with ease and safety. Sometimes when the sea is calm and the sun warm, he will turn himself upon his side, wet his sail, and then right his little bark and resume his passage. These animals frequently navigate the ocean *in fleets*, perhaps under the command of an admiral. Their sails, which are transparent and beautifully bordered with a bright pink color, vie in richness and elegance, particularly when seen in the direction of the sun, with the silken sails of Cleopatra. We have seen thousands of them bounding over the billows, reminding us of Pope's couplet:

"Learn of the little *Nautilus* to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale."

After our return to the ship, the Captain and another party made an excursion in the jolly-boat, taking a musket with them, and bringing back a *haglet*, a large sea bird, apparently very fierce in its disposition. It was slightly wounded in its wing, and some of the more mischievous passengers got up a cock-fight, putting the haglet against Dick, a proud rooster, on board, which had worn the gaffs and acted the part of a bravado to all the other animals. The combat lasted for some minutes, when the bird seized Dick by the throat and held him fast, till the Captain was obliged to part them. The latter was completely beaten and could not be brought to another engagement.

At 12 o'clock on the day of this calm, the Captain ordered a sail to be rigged out by the side of the ship, sinking it to the depth of 6 or 8 feet below the surface, and drawing it up at the corners, so as to form a fine bath, secure from the rapacity of the sharks, which renders bathing in the ocean dangerous. Half a dozen of us plunged in, and had a good frolic of it before dinner, not less conducive to health than amusement.

In the course of our voyage, we had a glance at nearly all the various inhabitants of the deep. Soon after our departure, numerous schools of porpoises were discovered, gamboling in the waves, and playing around the ship, being visible several feet below the surface, and darting like lightning through the water. One of our passengers, who was formerly an expert whaleman, and is perfectly acquainted with every fish that swims the ocean, planted himself with a harpoon in the bow of the ship. He soon hurled his weapon with unerring dexterity, and a large porpoise was hoisted upon deck. He was skinned *whale fashion*, and the next morning we had a porpoise steak and liver for breakfast. It might be palatable under different circumstances. But among us it was proposed as a standing dish to any one who happened to be upon the sick list. The poor haglet, after its victory over Dick, was served in the same manner.

One day while we were at dinner, word came below, that a large *whale* was along side the ship, within a few rods. We all rushed upon deck, and had several fair views of the monster, as he stretched himself upon the surface and spouted. His length was estimated to be about seventy feet, giving us some idea of the Leviathan flouting upon the sea. Upon this hint, our intelligent fellow-passenger spoke, and over our wine gave us a highly interesting and instructive lecture on the whale fishery, in which he was engaged for ten years. I obtained more knowledge of this business from him, than could have been derived from books in a week. He gave me a diagram, illustrative of the mode of skinning and cutting up the whale for the purpose of obtaining the oil. His acquaintance with the inhabitants of the ocean has been of great service to us, imparting a lucid explanation of the habits of all the animals we have fallen in with, from Mother Carey's Chickens, which are constantly playing in our wake, to Flying Fish, Sword Fish, Dolphins, Block-Fish, Sharks, Fin Backs, and other monsters of the deep, which have crossed our track. A description of these various tribes would far transcend my limits, were I competent to the task.

It is a little singular, that we have not spoken an American ship since leaving port, nor even seen one, which it was certain was from the United States. The first vessel we fell in with was an English brig bound to Quebec. A day or two after, we spoke the Lord Sidmouth from Quebec, bound to Plymouth. It was just at twilight. Both were fine vessels and standing upon the same course. The Corinthian, being the fastest sailer, came close along side, and passed her rival with great dignity, affording merely time to make the usual inquiries and exchange civilities, by wishing each other a pleasant passage. Such an incident, trifling as it may seem to those on shore, is extremely gratifying at sea, after having gazed day after day upon the solitary ocean. Yesterday we spoke a brig from St. Johns, New-Brunswick, bound to Plymouth; and three or four vessels are now in sight. To one of them the Captain hoisted his colors upon the mizen peak. The signal was promptly answered by a display of the "meteor-flag of England." The utmost courtesy prevails on such occasions, and the hearty good-will, with which the Captains wish one another pleasant voyages, has something in it beyond a cold formality, exposed as they are to common dangers, and often standing in need of mutual assistance.

Thus have I given you more in detail than was anticipated at the commencement, the history of my adventures upon the ocean, which are scarcely less voluminous than those of Telemachus; yet prolix as my letter is, it contains but a small proportion of incidents recorded in a dairy of 30 pages. My despatches will be forwarded by the first opportunity; if possible, before the Corinthian arrives at Liverpool. The day has declined since I began to write, and another charming evening finds us bounding over the billows, under full sail:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

A Cure for Drowsiness.—A writer in the Baltimore American recommends, to young naval officers and others afflicted with drowsiness, the chewing of tough Ship Bread!—If this don't keep them awake, we know not what will.

FOREIGN.

By the *Emerald*, from Liverpool, we have our London files and lists to the evening of the 23d July. We have also been favored with *Paris* papers to the 22d July.

They afford but little political intelligence of much interest.—The most important is that which relates to Grecian affairs, and that assumes, from time to time, all the colors of the rainbow. The nations appeared busy only in their own affairs, with the exception of those of Spain, and all seemed agreed, that they continued to be disturbed and perilous. Three quarters of the heavy columns of the London journals are occupied with the proceedings of judicial courts, and details of crimes, disasters, and "moving accidents by flood and field." Some extracts from the papers are given. *Boston Centinel.*

The weather in Europe has been as hot and as dry as in the United States.—For nearly a period of twelve weeks not a drop of rain fell in Paris; and in many parts of that city, the thermometer, in the shade, indicated the heat of 98 and 100 degrees.

Mr. Everett, our Minister to Spain, landed at Havre previous to the 22d July. The Envoy left Madrid on the 16th, without waiting for Mr. Everett.

Charles X. of France has established in Paris a Central Institution of high Ecclesiastical Studies, and named for its Governors some of the most eminent Prelates of his kingdom.

London, July 23. Mr. Secretary Canning was so well yesterday as to be able to pay a visit to the Earl of Liverpool, at Combe Wood.

The Paris papers continue to circulate vague and unintelligible articles upon the affairs of Greece. We might copy, but who would read them?—*Courier.*

The Paris papers friendly to the Greeks, attribute the successes of the Turks on land to the divisions among the Greek chiefs.

The *Courier* says, alluding to the report of the appearance of Colombian corsairs on the coast of Andalusia, "Such is the relative situation of the two countries. Spain haughtily refuses to recognise the independence of the Colombian Republic, as if it were too insignificant to be admitted into the rank of States. The Republic itself, in a manner, answers the ridiculous assumption, by the presence of vessels bearing its flag, insulting the coasts of Spain within a few leagues almost of the Capital."

The *Etoile* gives the following article from Smyrna, dated June 17th.—"Ibrahim Pacha has advanced with 8000 men, and attacked and surrounded a body of Moreats in an entrenched position to the North of Modon, and after a desperate resistance destroyed them."

The Allgemeine Zeiturg of the 14th July, also gives unfavorable news for the Greeks.

Trieste, July 6.—The Captain Pacha is still reported to be at *Suda*. Till he arrives in the Gulph of Patras, Redschid Pacha cannot attempt any thing serious against Missolonghi. Ibrahim Pacha is at Ovissi, near Calamatra; and Greek letters report, that his situation was very critical.

Paris (*Moniteur*) July 19. We have intelligence from Constantinople, that the Porte has deposed Koutrib Pacha, their High Admiral.—This proceeding is founded on "the blameable conduct of the Pacha, since he left the port of Constantinople; and on the great injury he has caused to the Turkish government by his foolish and imprudent conduct." He is summoned home, and his property has been provisionally sequestrated.

"The Pacha of Egypt is in negotiation with the Emperor of Austria for the purchase of 13 men-of-war now lying in Venice. The bargain for three has been completed."

Letters from *Trieste* of July 4, say that Colocotroni, who had assumed all powers, civil and military, had caused Prince Mavrocordato, and the late Minister of War, Colletti, to be beheaded. Such was the general rumor at Zante. It was added that Goura had declared against Colocotroni.

A letter from *Corfu* of June 7, reports that the garrison of Misselonghi had asked to capitulate to Reschid Pacha. A letter from the same place, dated June 23, says "the catastrophe which seemed to threaten the liberty of Greece, has passed away. It may even be hoped that successes are about to repair the disasters which signalized the first months of this campaign." The letter goes on to state, that Redschid Pacha must have suffered severe losses, as Jussuf had suddenly passed over to Lepanto the greater part of the garrison of Patras, to oppose the Greeks, who, after the victory of Salone, had advanced upon that place, and that Patras was garrisoned by only three hundred men. It was hoped that the Greeks might indemnify themselves for the loss of Navarin, by the possession of Patras. Colocotroni, fifteen days before, had assembled under his command 20,000 Moriotes, all armed with muskets. The Bey of Mania could also bring six or seven thousand men to act in concert with him.

Besides the above there are accounts from Napoli di Romania and Missolonghi, as late as June 13, which state that Ibrahim had met with a check, and that Goura had cut off 600 of the enemy at Salone, and it was expected he would compel Redschid to raise the seige of Anatolico and Missolonghi.—*Bos. Daily Adv.*

Extract of a letter received at Boston, by the brig Herald, from Smyrna:

"Off Milo, June 16, 1825.

"The Herald, which is in sight, was boarded this morning from a Greek man of war, and informed of an action they had on the 13th, in which the Turks lost a stout frigate and a corvette; and an English brig was also blown up. The Greeks have driven the Turkish fleet into Candia, and have them closely blockaded. There was a battle to the South of Milo yesterday, but we have not heard the result. We heard the report of guns this morning in the direction of Candia. About ten days ago, the Greeks engaged the Turkish fleet, took one vessel, burnt another, and drove a third on shore.—The latter had amongst her crew about thirty Christians, who were all murdered as soon as they landed.—Some had their heads cut off, and others were stoned to death by the women of the Island."—*Ib.*

Spain. We have seen a letter from a merchant now in France, giving notice to his correspondents that in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs in Spain, he had given up his mercantile establishment in the seaports of that country.—After speaking of the hopes he had entertained of a better state of things, he proceeds, "however I am sorry to say that the political state of Spain, instead of improving, begins to look every day worse, and it really frightens any sensible man to see persecutions continued, merchants put into dungeons on mere suspicion, and confidence and repose fled from that miserable land for many years." *Ib.*

Extract of a letter from the United States Consul at Tangiers, Morocco, to a gentleman in Montgomery County, Md. dated 1825.

"I have heard that it has been published in the newspapers of the United States, that I had taken a band of patriotic Spaniards under my protection, who flew from their native land, to this as a place of refuge. That is not the case—they have always been under the protection of the Moorish flag. The Bashaw of this place has done acts of benevolence towards them that have endeared him to me.—He in return, is my friend. I would trust my *life*, my *liberty*, and all I have in his power.—His nobleness of soul would do honor to any man in existence—those deeds are exalted by the confirmation of the king Muley Abdrahaman, King of the Moors, and protector of suffering distress."

From Peru. Official papers from *Lima* announce, that the Commander-in-Chief of the French squadron in the Pacific, Rear Admiral Ducampe de Rosamel, Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, and Officer of the Legion of Honor, on the 17th March solicited an audience of the Liberator Bolivar, which being acceded to, the meeting took place on the 18th, at Magdalena; when the Admiral announced to the Liberator, that *the French Government professed and entertained the most pure sentiments of strict neutrality with respect to the new American States;* and that this declaration was received with high satisfaction by the Liberator, whose confidence in the frank and generous conduct of the Admiral had long been established.

"*Lima, April* 1. Callao still holds out, notwithstanding the skill and vigor with which the seige is conducted, and the near approach of our batteries. Rodil loses no opportunity of annoying the workmen employed in erecting the approaches.

"The Patriot squadron off Callao, consists of the *Protector*, 54 guns, Com. Ellersworth; *Limanian*, 28, Captain Freeman; *Huachano*, 22; *Macedonian*, and another brig; and the Colombian corvette *Pinchincha*, Capt. Druette.

"The Council of State of Lima, has announced by a decree, that all property of the subjects of Spain introduced into the Republic, shall be confiscated, under *whatever flag or in whatever vessel they may be found;* and after four months from the date of the decree, (April 17th, 1825,) all *vessels* in which Spanish property of any kind shall be found, shall be decreed good prize."

From Pernambuco. Capt. Whitmore, of the Elizabeth, arrived at Boston, reports that the brig Mary Ann, Coggswell, was to sail from Rio de Janeiro on the 25th July, with troops. The troops that had embarked on board the Mary Ann were unexpectedly drawn out on the 17th July, under pretence of relieving the troops in the interior; but were (not without difficulty) put into launches and sent on board a sloop of war. The reason for this movement, we are left to conjecture.—Possibly these troops have shewn an unwillingness to engage in the Imperial service against the revolutionists of the Banda Oriental.—*Bos. States.*

Advices from Pernambuco to July 14th received at Norfolk, mention that all the crops on the coast from the River Plate to Rio Janeiro and Pernambuco, were cut off the last season by the drought and locusts, and the opinion of the well informed, was that flour would be from $20 to 25 per bbl. at Buenos Ayres the present season."

From Buenos Ayres. The Susquehannah, at Amboy, brings accounts from Buenos Ayres to July 8. A large Brazillian squadron had arrived in the outer roads and demanded a surrender of all claims to the Banda Oriental. [This is probably the squadron which an arrival here reported to have sailed from M. Video to demand of the Buenos Ayrean Government whether they intended to assist the revolters, &c.]

Admiral Loboz commanded, and he was answered that before negotiation he must withdraw his forces. Monte Video was invested by 500 men, and the Governor had 2000, and 1500 regulars. Rio de la Plata was expected to be blockaded. Intercourse between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video was open, but trade in the latter place was at an end.—*Boston Statesman.*

Bolivar. It has already been stated in the Colombian papers, that *two* attempts had been made to assassinate the Liberator Bolivar. A letter from Bogota, published in the London journals says, that this friend of mankind had escaped the dagger of the assassin, which had been raised against him, no less than seven or eight times. In the recent secret murder, at Lima, of Mr. Monteagudo, it was ascertained, on examining the body, that he had been stabbed with a sharp instrument. This led to the examination of all the cutlers in the city, when one of them stated that he had sharpened two poniards, at the request of a negro, with whose name he was unacquainted, but that he should know him if he saw him again. "A proclamation (continues the writer) was immediately issued, ordering a general enlistment for the army, but excepting all slaves and black men. It was a trap laid for them as necessary for the service of the city; to which effect they were ordered to call for a bill of exception at the office of the Adjutant General. They presented themselves accordingly; and the cutler, who was concealed, easily knew the owner of the two poniards, who having been suddenly grasped, as the murderer of Mr. Monteagudo, and asked where the two poniards were, answered by confessing his guilt, and producing one of the two; he added, that as he could not have been discovered but by the decree of Providence, he would declare that he had been seduced to that crime by the Governor of the castle at Callao, (see the model of that infamous Ferdinand!) and that the other poniard was to be found within the sleeve of the left arm of General Bolivar's head servant, who was to murder him the night of that very day. The poniard was found as it was said."—*Baltimore Patriot.*

DOMESTIC.

Arrival of a French Fleet in Hampton Roads.

Norfolk, August 15.—The French squadron under Admirals Jurien and Grivel, which were at Port-au-Prince during the negociation of the treaty between the French and Haytien Governments and subsequently touched at Havana, arrived in Hampton Roads on Friday last, in 13 days from the latter place—the squadron consists of two ships of the line, two of 60 guns, four of 44, a corvette and two brigs, in all eleven sail, and is the largest man of war fleet that has been within our waters for nearly thirty years, except that under Admiral Cochrane, during the late war. We had the pleasure of a full view of them from Willoughby's Point, as they stretched across the Bay from the Cape to Old Point Comfort, under easy sail, with a fresh easterly breeze, in a line, with intervals of about two miles between them, and a more grand and imposing exhibition, or one better calculated to inspire admiration, cannot well be conceived.—On coming to anchor, the senior Admiral's ship, the Eylau, fired a salute, which was answered by a corresponding number of guns from Fortress Monroe.

We understand the squadron will remain in our waters until the hurricane season in the West Indies is over.

The novelty of the exhibition of so large a naval force, had its full effect on the curiosity of our citizens, and a large party went down in the steam-boat Virginia, on Saturday morning, to enjoy it. After running down the line of the squadron, the Virginia bore up again to the headmost ship, the Eylau, and on coming abreast of her, lay to for a few minutes to afford the passengers an opportunity of a leisurely view of that superb ship; when immediately the boats of the Eylau were sent off with a polite invitation from Admiral Jurien, to the ladies and gentlemen on board the Virginia, to visit his ship. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and in a little time the whole party were conveyed on board the Eylau, where they were received and entertained with that distinguished politeness, attention and hospitality, so characteristic of the French nation. After being shown through every part of the ship, the party were conducted to the Admiral's quarters, where refreshments were served round, and the company were made perfectly "at home," by the polite and assiduous attention of the officers, and took their leave with feelings of the warmest regard for their entertainers. The Eylau, it will be recollected, was one of the squadron of three ships, under Admiral Jurien, which visited us about this time last year, and remained in Hampton Roads until late in October.

Boston, *August* 24.

Independence of Hayti.—The Africans, their descendants, and other colored citizens, yesterday celebrated the acknowledgment of the Independence of Hayti, by a public address, delivered by the Rev. Thomas Paul, in the African Meeting-house in this city—by a well-provided dinner—and demonstrations of joy and gratitude. Mr. Domingo Williams, presided at the table, assisted by Messrs. William Brown and Darby Vassal. After mentioning the presiding officers, it is unnecessary to add, that the utmost good order and decorum prevailed at the festival. The following are stated to be among the toasts and volunteers given:

Independent Hayti:—The Garden of the Antilles—Rich in the productions of Nature; may she be the *Nursery* of Freemen, Patriots, and Philanthropists.

President Adams, and President Boyer:—Both the choice of Freemen, and both the Friends of Civil Liberty, Equal Laws, and good Government; may the time soon arrive when the Nations they preside over will be united by treaty in Amity and Friendship.

Louis 16th and Charles 10th of France:—One the earliest friend of the first American Republic of *Whitemen;* the other the first to acknowledge the Independence of the first American Republic of *Blackmen.*—May Glory and Immortallity be their reward.

The *Government*, and *Army*, of Hayti:—One has proved by *black-and-white* that it knows how to maintain Freedom, Equality, and Independence.—The other, that they can always beat their enemies *black-and-blue.*

The black Regiment of the American Revolutionary Army:—The *Goddess of Liberty* was not then ashamed to own them as her sons and her *defenders.*

Georgia. The Savannah Republican, of the 4th ult. states, that a considerable part of the U. S. troops ordered into the Creek country, have arrived there. The regular force, when concentrated, will amount to about 1200 men.

The election for Governor takes place in this State early in October. The Candidates are Governor Troup and General Clarke. The contest will be as violent as that in Kentucky.—Each party seems to be sanguine of success. The Creek disturbances are used as an electioneering argument on both sides. The Clarke party charge upon the Governor the whole blame of the present state of things; and they, in turn, are accused of being at the bottom of the whole controversy; of uniting with the Indian Agents and other partizans in stirring up the prejudices and dissatisfaction of the Indians, and of sacrificing the interest and tranquillity of the State for the accomplishment of their political views.

Fires.—On Thursday 25th ult. a Carding Machine and Fulling Mill, a Saw Mill and a Potash Manufactory, in Garland, owned by Mr. Daniel Kimball, of Bangor, were consumed by fire. Loss estimated from 2 to $3000.—*Bang. Reg.*

On Sunday morning 28th ult. at Providence, the Gin Distillery at India Point, occupied by Mr. Darius Session, and a Carpenter's Shop, occupied by Mr. H. Bartlett, were destroyed by fire. They both belonged to the heirs of the late J. B. Mason, Esq.

A fire occurred in New-York on Tuesday morning, 30th ult. which destroyed several buildings on Greenwich, between Murray and Warren Streets. The fire is said to have caught from a cooking furnace.—*Bost. Statesman.*

New-Haven, Aug. 30.

Distressing Occurrence.—On Thursday of week before last, Mr. Edward Johnson of Meriden, went into the fields to shoot a bird for a sick daughter, and on his return to the house he left his gun in the entry or door-way, intending to take care of it after having visited the room of the daughter; but in the mean time a little daughter aged six years, and a son aged ten, passed that way. The father was first apprised of the circumstance by the report of the gun, which brought him immediately to the spot; but his feelings when he arrived can neither be realized nor described—the top of the little girl's head was shot away, including the skull and brains, which terminated her life in a few moments.—*Journal.*

Accident.—On Saturday 27th ult. a man by the name of William M'Clentick, whilst engaged in blasting a well in Wethersfield, (Conn.) was shockingly maugled by the accidental explosion of a charge which he had inserted in the rock. Two other persons, who were standing at the top of the well at the time, viewing the operation, narrowly escaped—Warned by M'Clentick of their danger, they retreated a few paces from the well and prostrated themselves upon the ground. Stones weighing from thirty to forty weight were thrown out by the explosion, one of which descended and struck within a few inches of the head of one of the persons upon the ground. M'Clentick, was immediately taken from the well, covered with blood and wounds—his face, breast and legs shockingly lacerated. Medical aid was in immediate attendance, his wounds dressed, and he is now doing well. *Hartford Mer.*

An infant son of Bushnell Paine, in Batavia, N. Y. died a short time since from swallowing a common white bean. On opening the child, the bean was found lodged in the main pipe, which conducts the air to the left lobe of the lungs, just at its entrance. The operation of bronchiotomy had been performed previous to the death of the child, but the bean having passed into the lungs, precluded relief.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1825.

GENERAL ELECTION,
On Monday next.

STATE NOMINATION
FOR GOVERNOR,
Albion K. Parris.

Senators for Oxford County,
(TWO TO BE CHOSEN.)
HON. CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of *Canton*,
JOSEPH HOWARD, ESQ. of *Brownfield.*

GEN. LEVI HUBBARD, of *Paris*,
PETER C. VIRGIN, ESQ. of *Rumford.*

HON. CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of *Canton*,
GEN. LEVI HUBBARD, of *Paris.*

County Treasurer.
HENRY RUST, Esq. of *Norway.*

POLITICAL.—There seems to be considerable excitement in most of the Counties in the State, with regard to the candidates to be supported for the Senate at the approaching election. In this County, where there is as little sectional feeling as in either, there are *five* candidates. In the County of Somerset they have two entire tickets presented with the exception of Senator, each of them backed by a "caucus."—We thought of presenting our readers with "a true and perfect" list of the candidates for the Senate in the different counties; but we soon found it a more *serious* job than we at first anticipated, and therefore desisted.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.—The troubles and difficulties in which an Editor is involved are sometimes lessons of instruction, not only to himself but to others. He is looked upon by the community as any thing, or nothing, just as will suit their present purposes.—Though people's tastes are as different as *sweet* and *sour*, or as opposite as the antipodes, yet every reader expects the paper will be conformable to his *own*. If *his* paper contain some moral pieces, they are not of the right *stamp*; if it contain none, he is growled at.—Does he *refuse* to insert communications which expose the vices of men—he is *accused* of being an *accomplice*; should he admit them, he would be prosecuted for a libel. To oblige his correspondents, he inserts a communication stating that a man does *not* do or has *not* done such and such things—some of his *good* friends will then be buzzing about him in great *trouble*; and he, *poor* creature, cannot tell for what. But so it is; if we say a man is a good citizen, his neighbors dislike it; if we say he is *not* good, *he* will be *put out* with us,—and if we do not notice him at all, we affront *him* and his *creatures*. But we feel too independent to take hat in hand, and ask a man whether we *may* insert such or such an article, unless it concerns him; and when the shot hits and wounds a bird, it is known by its fluttering; and no monitor is so sure as a man's own conscience.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—At the recent term of the Supreme Court in this County, the following points of law were decided by the Court. We copy them from the Gazette of Maine:

1st. In the case *Belmont* vs. *Pittston*, it was decided that one town cannot maintain an action against another town for expenses incurred in supporting a pauper, *until after the lapse of two months next following the notice given* to the delinquent town.

2d. In the case *Harlow* vs. *Pike*, it was decided that Selectmen, or the persons appointed by them, must give notice to the owners of land, through which they are about to lay out a town or private way: and that without such notice, the road cannot be considered legal, though accepted by the town.

3d. In the case of *Lewis and others app'ts* vs. *Webb*, the Court decided that the Legislature have no *constitutional authority* to pass a law granting a right of appeal, or a new trial to an individual:—and that to exercise such a power is to pass the boundaries of legitimate legislation and invade the province of the Judicial Department.

THE WEATHER still continues very dry, although there has been considerable change in the atmosphere since August. Sickness prevails in many places, especially among children. The principal disorder is the dysentery; several cases of fever, however, have occurred. We learn, that in Belfast, a large number of children have died, and that many are sick. In this County many have been ailing, and several have died. Should the weather continue thus, we fear sickness will prevail to an alarming extent.—We also learn that much damage has been done, in many places, by fires; and that they continue to spread in the woods. Should the drought continue, we may expect to hear of numerous disasters by this destructive element, when once it obtains the mastery.

"KENNEBEC DAM."—We had occasion, a few weeks since, to notice the *project* of the Editors of the *Kennebec Journal*, of building a dam across the Kennebec river, at Augusta. We did not, however, receive the paper containing the notice the Editors took of our remarks until about *ten* days after it was due, which accounts for the delay on our part in acknowledging the courtesy. What we deem wholly chimerical and altogether impracticable, certainly, made us feel somewhat "merry;" nor do we yet fear that our *wise*-dom will be exposed by the *scheme* of the Editors being turned "into a reality" before *our* "Jokes are forgotten." But, however, we will *assure* our friends, the Editors, that our *rapier* was not *poisoned*, neither have *we* any hostile feelings towards internal improvement, but should be exceedingly glad to have their favorite dam erected, provided it could be done so as to be *permanent*; *this*, and this *only* is the *query* with us. We *heartily* commend the zeal of the Editors of the Journal; "it is always good to be zealously affected in a good thing;" and when the dam is completed, we will *willingly* bear the "*gibes* and *scoffs*" of the multitude.

NEW PAPER.—Messrs. True & Green, the enterprising *Publishers and Proprietors* of the *American Statesman*, have made arrangements to publish that paper daily. This will be the fourth daily paper published in Boston.

We understand that John Davis, Esq. of Augusta, is the fortunate owner of the ticket (No. 2446,) which drew the $10,000 prize in the last Class of the *Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery.*

We have seen an Apple which growed in the orchard of Mr. Nathaniel Fuller, jr. of Hebron, which measured *eleven inches* and *a half* in circumference.

We would thank the Editor of the N. England Farmer, to send us No. 6, of his paper, as we have *two* of No. 5, already.

We invite the attention of our readers to the Constitution of the "*Oxford County Society for the improvement of morals*," contained on the first page of this day's paper. The intentions of the Society are laudable and well deserving of encouragement.

Communications.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON,

As I have been introduced to the inhabitants of this town, as a Candidate for their Representative in the next Legislature of this State, I would thank you to state, through the medium of the *Observer*, that, however highly I appreciate the esteem and good will of my fellow-citizens, I must decline the honor at this time, which they would wish to confer on me. Yours, &c. LEVI HUBBARD.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON,

The people of this County will not *tamely* submit to the sinister *advice*, *machinations* or *nominations* of an intriguing junto of *Conspirators* and *Dictators*, although they have the *effrontery* to *assume* the imposing name of a "CONVENTION"—a *Convention*, indeed! What sort of a Convention was *that* assembled at the Court-House in Paris, on Wednesday last, to *direct* the people in *their choice* of Senators? The *voters* in *two* or *three*, out of thirty-one towns, were notified, probably with fairness, to appoint Delegates to attend a Caucus, called by Mr. *Nobody*, on the 24th of this month, to *manage* and *intrigue* and nominate *Candidates* for the Senate! And on *that memorable occasion*, a groupe of *modest* friends of the people *assembled*.—But of *whom* was that famous "*Convention*" composed? of the Representatives of the *people?* No, sir—*They* were not *requested*, by the *voters* of the towns to convene at Paris, with the exception of a *small minority*, the voters of the several towns were *not* represented in *that redoubtable* "CONVENTION!" Were the voters of *Paris*, *Turner*, *Livermore*, *Bethel*, *Buckfield*, *Norway*, *Fryeburg*, *Brownfield*, *&c. &c.* represented in that "Convention," by persons delegated by *them! Verily* they were *not!* and so it may be truly said of *nine-tenths* of the towns in the County. This famous "*Convention*" consisted, *principally*, of "people-loving" *volunteers* shuffled together, *on the spot*, some elected on the *stairs* of the Court-house—*some* in *one* place and some in another, by a few intriguers.—The result of their precious labors is *known*—Doct. Holland and "*Squire Howard*" are announced as the fruit of this Caucus-labor. The severe trials, *twisting*, *turning*, and intriguing to effect the nomination of these *hopeful Candidates*, is well known, to *many*. The American people *boast* of their *freedom* and *independence*—let them take care to preserve them—But, how do they demonstrate their sense of the inestimable privileges they possess! Will they consent to be led about, like monkies in a caravan, for the *sole benefit* of the *Proprietors?*—They *will not!* The *nation* has stamped *mene tekel* upon all *Caucus*-intriguers—And the independent yeomen of Oxford will not be backward in giving their unequivocal sanction to the audible fiat of the *nation*.—Doct. *Holland* and "*Squire Howard*" to represent this respectable County in the *Senate* of Maine, hey! so say this *self-created*, *people-loving* Caucus:—*and so they may*, when the PEOPLE give them permission. It is high time for the *people* of Oxford to assert their rights in the free, *unbiassed* exercise of their elective franchise. Let us, then, select our *best men*, for the Senate, uninfluenced by the factious interference of a corrupt, impudent Caucus.—Let *Doct. Holland* take care of his patients, and "*Squire Howard*" attend to the redemption of our lands sold by him as Collector of the *Direct Tax*—in *those* fields, these *Caucus-Candidates* may yet find laurels, but *never* in the *Senate of Maine!* in *that high department* of the Government, the people of this County are entitled to abler men——And, "*WE THE PEOPLE*," Mr. Editor, have, therefore, resolved to support

GEN. LEVI HUBBARD, *of Paris*—and
PETER C. VIRGIN, Esq. *of Rumford*,

to represent us in the Senate, the ensuing political year; those gentlemen are well known and need no recommendation—from

ANDROSCOGGIN.

August 31, 1825.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON,—You will oblige me by publishing in your next paper, the names of HON. CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of *Canton*, and GEN. LEVI HUBBARD, of *Paris*, as Candidates for the Senate, for the ensuing political year.—They are well known to the people in this County, and need no other recommendation than their former services. YEOMAN.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO THE ELECTORS OF OXFORD COUNTY.

To divide and command has ever been the motto of faction. It is understood that the discontented spirits amongst us, anxious to promote their own views in preference to the public good, aware that no open and manly opposition can be effectual, have had recourse to secret cabals and private nominations.

Republicans! the men whom you have selected as candidates for the office of Senators, by delegates chosen from among yourselves, in whose judgment you have declared your confidence by such choice, are now to be put down, if the views of the factious and discontented are to prevail. And by whom? By a few individuals, the self-constituted organs of what they would represent as the public voice. Men of tried political integrity, firm and undeviating in the principles of true republicanism, are to be opposed by wavering politicians, ready to join any party, which may offer the best chance of success to their schemes of self-aggrandizement and disunion in the republican party. These men are to be set up in opposition to the regular nomination—to that mode of designating candidates for public office, which you have always practised and approved. To those of you who know them, no arguments will be necessary to direct your choice. To others, let that spirit of patriotism and union which you have hitherto undeviatingly pursued, still be your guide to the haven of political safety and success. Abandon not those principles which you have hitherto found so salutary, and efficient, to follow the restless and discontented advocates of disunion. If you have local or personal prejudices, sacrifice them upon the altar of patriotism and true republican principle. Believe you, that they are deserving the name of republicans, who willingly suffer their names to stand in opposition to regularly nominated candidates? Has such conduct a tendency to promote the views of the true republican party, or of those who, while they are republicans in name, are apostates in principle? But it is unnecessary to say more. Let your conduct manifest the principles by which you are governed. Show at the polls on next Monday, that unanimity, independence and firm adherence to your political creed which has hitherto so nobly directed you, and your success is certain.

A REPUBLICAN.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON,—It has been intimated that Peter C Virgin, Esq. and Gen. Levi Hubbard are to be put in nomination for the Senate. *Peter C. Virgin a Senator from the Republican County of Oxford!!* The General, if he would succeed, should avoid suspicious company.—The Republicans will remember "POOR TRAY."

JUDICIAL.—*Stevens* vs. *Blanchard and others.* This action, decided in the Common Pleas, at Augusta, at its late Term, Judge WHITMAN presiding, was brought to recover of the defendants damages, sustained by fire upon a wood-lot of the plaintiff. The material facts in this case, which, considering the extensive forests with which our country abounds, and the immense losses of timber annually occasioned by negligence in setting fires, is of importance to be known to settlers and those owning wild lands, are the following:—Some time in April last, the defendants were possessed of a piece of felled trees, lying contiguous to the lot of the plaintiff; who, knowing the exposed situation of his property, requested them not to burn during the then drought, or if they did, to give him notice, that he might if possible protect it. They concluded to burn, and neglected to notify the plaintiff, or to take measures to check the fire, that spread over thirty or forty acres of his land. For damages thus sustained, by the injury done to his timber and trees, he brought this action.—The Court, in charging the Jury, insisted much on the expediency and even necessity of establishing rules to be recognized as obligatory upon the citizen and as authority in legal decisions on questions of this description. For although the principle, 'that every man has a right to do with his own property as to him seemeth good,' may have afforded a colorable pretext for many acts followed by ruinous and supposed unactionable consequences: yet, in cases of this kind, the restriction, that, 'in the use of man's own, care shall be taken that no damage accrues to the property of others,' should be taken strongly against the defendants. And in the necessary use of the element of fire where the smallest lapse of attention, or a slight indiscretion, might be attended with incalculable mischief, the person thus neglectful shall be holden liable for all damages occasioned by a lack of due precaution.—Verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of one hundred dollars, and costs of Court. *East. Chron.*

Dysentery.—The dysentery prevails in Belfast and some of the neighboring towns, to an alarming extent. We have heard that about one tenth of the whole population in Brooks have died within a few weeks; fifty in Montville, nine of whom lie dead at one time; many in Swanville, Knox, and Freedom, and other towns. In Belfast, nearly one half the population have been attacked by this disease within the last six weeks; and about fifty have fallen victims to this and other diseases. Most of the deaths have happened among children under four years of age.—*Belfast Gaz.*

We hear that a deputy of the Land Agent has burned the principal part of the hay, cut without license, on the land belonging to Massachusetts and this State, from the mouth of Matawamkeag to Basquehagan Lake. The object of burning the hay is said to be to deprive trespassers the means of taking timber from the public lands.—*Ib.*

Fire in the Forests.—We understand that fires are raging in several places in the country about Piscataquis, Passadunkeag and between them and Matanawcook; much damage to the timber has already occurred. Should the dry weather continue, the probable loss of timber is almost incalculable.—*Bangor Register.*

A living Aligator was taken in Providence river on the 23d ult. He was discovered lying on the bottom, and caught in a net.

The new British Minister, Mr. Vaughan, and his Secretary of Legation, Mr. Doyle, were formerly presented to the PRESIDENT on Saturday, 28th ult.

Impostor.—There is a person by the name of Crosby, we are informed, who has for a long time travelled the southern and western country, imposing upon the public with spurious medicine—particularly that under the name of "Lee's Windham Billious Pills," which are highly dangerous to the patient. The public should be on their guard against these pests of society, who are too often patronised in this way, by imposing on their unsuspecting credulity. To guard against this class who are filling the country with their poisonous nostrums, at the evident hazard of the lives of our citizens, we will here observe that the genuine Windham Lee's Pills, are accompanied with a Check Plate envelope, on which is pasted an extra Label, signed by Isaac Thompson, the sole vender for the patentee, in his own hand-writing.—*New-London Adv.*

☞*The Clerks of the several towns in the County of Oxford, will confer a favor by sending to this office, a correct list of votes given on Monday next, for Governor and Senators; also, the names of their Representatives. As this species of information is interesting, it is hoped that particular attention will be paid to forward it by the first opportunity.*

Oxford Bible Society.

The OXFORD BIBLE SOCIETY will meet at the *Centre Meeting-house* in *Paris*, the *third Wednesday* in the present month, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to attend to all the business necessary to be attended to by said Society. A Discourse will be delivered on the occasion, and a Collection taken to aid the object of the Society—which is, to put the *Word of* GOD, (which is able to make us wise unto salvation by faith in our LORD JESUS CHRIST,) into the hands of the Poor. And as no one denomination has any ascendency over another—and as all Religious Societies found their faith upon the *Word of* GOD—we hope they will all give their aid in putting the *Holy Bible* into the hands of the poor and needy. JAMES HOOPER, *Pres.*

Paris, Sept. 3d, 1825.

Died,

In Taunton, (Mass.) Captain Job King, aged 82.

In Waterville, on Monday the 29th ult. very suddenly, Rev. THOMAS BALDWIN, D. D. pastor of the 2d Baptist Church in Boston, aged 72.

In Sutton, (Mass.) Mr. Tarrant King, aged 59.—Mrs Polly, aged 30, wife of Mr. Joseph Putnam.

In Brookfield, (Mass.) on Saturday morning last, Deacon Joseph Cutler, aged 86.

In Moscow, Mr. Isaac Temple, a native of Worcester Co. (Mass.) aged 67. He emigrated to the Kennebec in 1788, and was the first settler of Waterville village.

FOR SALE—*CHEAP*,

A NEW *Regimental Uniform* COAT, EPAULETTS, SASH, and HOLSTERS.
Inquire of JONATHAN BEMIS, JUN.
Paris, Sept. 8. 62*

BOARDERS WANTED.

THE subscriber can accommodate, at reasonable charges, from *fifteen* to *twenty* BOARDERS, during the Sessions of the Court of Common Pleas, at its approaching and following Terms.
ISAAC FROST, JUN.
Paris, Sept. 8. 62

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

David R. Straw

HAS opened an office on BETHEL HILL. He respectfully tenders to his friends and the public his professional services. 60

CABINET-MAKER'S STAND
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being about to remove to Portland, offers for sale his very *eligible* STAND for a *Cabinet-Maker*, pleasantly situated in the upper village, in the town of Waterford. He has occupied the Stand about four years, and has always found ready sale for his work; but circumstances now induce him to leave it. The property consists of about three quarters of an acre of excellent LAND, on which is a convenient *Cabinet-Maker's Shop*, with necessary appurtenances. He will sell the same cheap for cash or approved credit.

He has also a large assortment and variety of ready made
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
made as custom work, faithfully, and of the best materials; some of which is very elegant, consisting of MAHOGANY, BIRCH, MAPLE, and PINE BUREAUS, CHAIRS, TABLES, BEDSTEADS, &c.; all of which he will sell very cheap as above.
EDWARD CARLETON.
Waterford, August 22, 1825. 60

FOR SALE,

CENTRALLY situated in *Turner Village*, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL OF WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.
ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.
Turner Village, August 8, 1825. tf 58

STRAY STEER.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, a brindle two-year old Steer, with a white face.—The owner is requested to come and take him away.
DAVID CLIFFORD.
Paris, August 29th. 61

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO A LADY.

'Tis sweet to gaze, at even time,
On yonder pure, blue fields of light,
Where twinkling stars in beauty shine,
And Cynthia rolls through pathways bright.

'Tis sweet, when morn lifts up her head,
And opes her rosy portals bright,
And Sol forsakes her watery bed,
And fills the world with golden light.

Sweet is the fountain's murm'ring flush,
That comes from 'neath the moss-grown rock;
And sweet, within the foaming rush,
To see the gentle seping flock.

All these are sweet; and they have power
To free the heart from sorrow's stain—
But sweeter far is one short hour,
With her I love so well—with JANE.

Portland. K.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

Sweet the our of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in that mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Trembling thro' your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting sigh?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you seen your spouse expiring,
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring,
From the eyes that break on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did not you with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Horror then your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair,
Can you recollect the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trace of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.

Pensive mem'ry then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil of mental eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend or brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak,
Prov'd the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling,
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
Open'd heav'n, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending
Rose in ecstacy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death, and time.

Thus afflicted, bruis'd, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and by this token,
You have known the "joy of grief." D.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Behold the condescending 'C'
Does stoop to say—'be still O. P.'

Do saints stop when they are rising,
And cry "be still?" That's surprising.

Arise! yes, 'C,' arise to realms of light,
Nor suns nor stars stay thy impious flight,
I envy not; so wing thy way to God,
Compare thy form with his, thou moulded clod.

O. P.

VARIETY.

To de Preentair of de Daily Advertiseur.

BOSTON, DE 1 SEPTEMBRE.

Monsieur Preentair,

SAIR—When I first come to des Etats Unis, to dis country, one, two, tree, four, six weeks ago, from de France, I arrived in de ville of New-York. I go to de very fine hotel, where I stay all de day and all de night. But I no sleep. De grand bruit, de great noise, all de day and all de night, break my rest. De petit chamney-sweeps cry, *Sweep-o! sweep-o!*—and de poissardes cry, *Fish-o! fish-o!*—and de petite demoiselles cry, *Ot-corn! ot-corn!*—So in de matin, when I eat my dejeuner, my breakfast, I tell de maitre d'hotel, de landlord, dat I no sleep;—dat de mens, and de womens, and de petit garcons, de little boys, make de grand noise; so I must go away. I ask de maitre d'hotel, where shall I go?—He say, I don't know. Den one tres polite gentleman, what dey call *yankee-doodle*, say to me, you go to de Boston;—dere all de peuples be one very quiet, religieux peuples, and no cry de *ot-corn*. So I make one very polite bow, and tell de yankee-doodle gentleman, Monsieur, je vous remercie,—I thank you, sair;—I shall go to de Boston

So I ride in de coach all de days and all de nights, and arrive in Boston very early in de matin. I find dis ville tres paisible very quiet. Bimeby-directly, I hear de cloche sonner, de bell ring, at de distance. I ask de coachman,—What for I hear de bell ring?—He tell me, 'Tis five clocks, and de peuples must wake up to go to de work—Very well—I go to de Malbrouk Hotel; I sit down and reak the newspaper. Bimeby-presently, I hear the bell ring again. I ask de maitre d'hotel, What for de bell ring?—He say, 'Tis seven clocks, and de peuples go to de breakfast. After I have mange my dejeuner, my breakfast, I walk out in de city;—I ask de garcon, de little boy in de street, Pourquoi de bell ring now? He tell me, 'Tis nine clocks, and de peuples must make de toilet, to go to de lecture.—I make more promenade; I view de mall and de common. 'Tis tres belle, very beautiful. Bime-by-directly, I hear de bell sooner again. Task,—What for? Dey tell me, 'Tis ten clocks;—'tis for de religieux peuples to go to de lecture. I go to my house; to de new Malbrouk Hotel. I sit down in de chaise, de chair, out door, in de street, avec de dandy gentlemen. Presently I hear de bell ring again. Ma foi! I hear all de bells ring. I jump up; I ask if de peuples in dis ville go to de church all de time? De gentlemen laugh. Dey say, 'Tis eleven clocks, and de bell ring for de peuples to cook de dinner. I sit down—I talk. Bimeby, I hear de clock strike twelve clocks;—but de bells no ring this time. All de gentlemens go to walk on de change, in de Rue d'Etat, in de State Street; I go assui.—Bimeby again, all de bells ring once more. Begar! (me say) what peuples dese be to ring de bell! dey ring all de day, and all de heures. I ask de very fine Southern gentleman—Mon sieu, si vous plait, ditez moi pourquoi de bell ring at present? He tell me, 'Tis one clocks, and de peuples dat make de work must go eat deir dinner. In one, two heures, I go home to de hotel to eat my dinner. After dinner, I go to make de promenade in de Campagne, in de country, a cheval, on horseback. I come home little before de sun-set. I hear de bell ring. De maitre d'hotel say, 'Tis to prepare for de evening lecture. I mange my souper—I eat de roll and butter avec de coffee. De second bell ring for de lecture. Eh! ma foi! (I say) very well! After dis, dere will be no more cook, no more eat, no more preach, to-night; I shall not be disturb any more. I will go coucher, go to bed, and take my quiet rest. So I go sleep. Bimeby-directly, I hear de noise;—I wake, and all de bells ring. I call de landlord—I say to him, Peste! diable! parbleu—will de infernal bell always ring, so I can never have de sleep? De cry in New-York, *sweep-o!—ot-corn!* is better dan dis. De landlord say, de bell ring for de peuples to go to bed, because 'tis nine clocks; and no more bell ring to-night. So I go to sleep again; I sleep very well. I sleep one, two, tree heures! Bimeby, de man under my window cry out very loud as ten men,—Twelve clocks! star-light morning! I wake up; I think it be de coachman call me to go in de stage-coach; so I open de fenetre, de window, and tell him, I no go in de coach dis morning no more; I stay in Boston. De man laugh and go away. I go to my lit, to my bed. When I sleep again one heure, somebody cry under my window again, One cloc's! all well!—I wake very quick and be very angry; but I be much glad to hear dat all de peuples in dis grand city be well; because I some fear to catch de fievre jaune, de yellow fever. So I be content to sleep once more. Bimeby-directly, de man cry again very loud, Two clocks! cloudy morning! I jump out of my bed in de grand passion; I put my head out of de window, and tell de man, Sacre! parbleu! diable!—what for you disturb my rest, to tell me 'tis not de beau tem, de fair weather! I do not desire to be inform; I am very comfortable in my bed; I do not care if it rain like de very diable. You please go away. I go sleep.—But I no sleep long, fore I hear de loud cry again under my window, Tree clocks!—I have de mal de tete, de head-ache, and be very much fatigue. I need de sleep very much; but it be no possible. I wish dat I was back in my patrie, my own country, where I may take my repose, my rest, in de quiet, and make myself well. But dis cannot be now, at present; so I try to sleep again. I turn over on my lit, my bed, great many times; and when I be almost asleep, I be wake up again by de same most disagreeable sound of Four clocks! all well!—But all be not well; I am tres mad, very sick, I shall die. Je me leve, I get up; I put on my clothes; I find it no possible to sleep. I be very sick. I shall go back to de France, to my own country, bimeby-directly, when the first ship shall go. I shall not come to America again, never.—And if I do not go very quick, I shall be so break of my rest, dat I shall die, and shall not be able to go to my home. Je suis, Monsieur Preentair,

votre tres-humble serviteur,
One Malheureux Frenchman.

MRS. POWELL.—When Mr. Boaden had read his unsuccessful Drama of "Aurello and Miranda," in the Green Room, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. Mrs. Powell, the actress, who was present, said she knew one thing much more terrible. "What can that be?" demanded the author. "To be obliged," said she, "to sit and hear it."

New-York Police.—A strapping negro was brought up for some breach of the peace, and the fellow anticipating severe punishment, bellowed so loud that the magistrate ordered him to be locked in the coal-hole until he was quiet. The whole Police forgot him and went home at night leaving Cuff in the hole, and hearing a noise next day they opened the door and found the black perfectly tranquil and amazingly hungry, having been nearly 24 hours in "durance vile."—*Noah.*

A ROGUE-TRAP.—A young lad, apparently about 15 years old, an apprentice to Mr. Devo, a respectable tailor in this place, was very ingeniously detected in stealing money from the drawer in Mr. Troop's store in this village.—He had for sometime made it a practice to call at the store when there was no one there excepting Mr. Troop, or one of his clerks. He would then generally call for wine, or some trifling article kept in the cellar, and in their absence to procure the article, it was suspected he made free with the change-drawer. The other day Mr. T. fastened a cord to the back of the drawer, and let one end pass through a small hole into the cellar. It was but a short time before the lad came in, and observing no one but Mr. T. in the store, called for some wine. Mr. T. on entering the cellar, perceived the cord move, caught hold of it, and with a sudden jerk made it fast; he then ran up stairs, and found the young rogue with his hand fast in the drawer.—*Sandy Hill Times.*

At Little Leigh, in Chester, (Eng.) last week, a poor woman was delivered of a child with two heads, on which the hair was an inch long, two necks which unite above the shoulders, four arms, four hands, and the usual number of fingers on each, beautifully formed. One body down to the hips; four legs, with toes well formed on each foot. A short time after its birth, the accoucheur thought one of the heads showed symptoms of life.

A Crocodile, measuring 18 feet from head to tail, was killed at Barycore, in the East Indies, a short time since. It had committed great havock on the banks of the river, and in the stomach was found part of a woman, a dog, a cat, and a part of a sheep, besides several rings and other ornaments worn by the native women.

Unacceptable Gratitude.—Capt. ———, (we spare his name,) was walking the other day in company with the Marquis of Anglesea, down Picadilly, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute. "God bless your honor! (said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be Irish,) and long life to you." "How do you know me?" said the Captain. "It is how do I know your honor, (replied Pat;) good right, sure, I have to know the man who has saved my life in battle." The Captain, highly gratified at this tribute to his valor in such hearing, slid half a crown into his hand, and asked him when? "God bless your honor, and long life to you, (said the grateful veteran;) sure, it was at New-Orleans, when seeing your honor run away as hard as your legs would carry you, from the Yankees, I followed your lead and ran after you out of the way; whereby, under God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honor, I will never forget it of you."—*Lon. pa.*

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom—mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Zounds, madam, never fear, (said one of the sailors,) you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims.*"

Over the door of a house in a village in the West of England is hung a board with this inscription:—"Schooling for littleboys and girls, at 2d per week; *them as larns manners pays 2d more.* *London paper.*

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

THE undersigned proprietors of Township numbered Two in said County of Oxford, respectfully represent, that the Road formerly laid out by order of the Court of Sessions for said County of Oxford, beginning at the dwelling house of WILLIAM MORSE, in *Rumford*, and running through said township, and ending at the dwelling-house of BARNABAS ROWE in *Sumner*, is not necessary to accommodate the public; that the settlers on said land, do but in very few instances own their land, and are liable soon to be removed, and, of course, that said road cannot be necessary for their accommodation, and, if necessary, ought not to be made at the expense of the proprietors; they further represent, that said road cannot be put in any tolerable state of repair short of a tax almost equivalent to a total abandonment of the soil—They therefore respectfully pray your Honors that so much of said road, as is situated in said township, numbered Two, may be discontinued, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

THOMAS L. WINTHROP, By
LEVI WHITMAN, *Attorney.*
JOHN THOMPSON.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

Court of Sessions, June Term, A. D. 1825.

On the foregoing petition, *Ordered*, That the standing Committee of the County, be appointed at the expense of the Petitioners to view the aforesaid road, and that said petitioners give notice of the same to the inhabitants of said towns of Sumner and Rumford, by serving on the respective Clerks of said towns, a copy of said Petition, and of this order of Court thereon, thirty days at least before the next term of this Court—and likewise, by publishing said Petition and order three weeks successively, in the *Oxford Observer*, the last publication to be three weeks before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer thereof should not be granted. The Court further order, that proceedings be stayed as to the sale of Township No. 2, for the payment of a tax assessed on said Township at the last Term of this Court, on the petition of James H. Withington and others.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, *Clerk.*
Copy attest: R. K. GOODENOW, *Clk.*

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, *Portland*, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

☞Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.——tf 34

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our LORD *eighteen hundred and twenty-five—*

CATHERINE BUTTERFIELD, late widow of *ABNER BENSON*, late of Paris, deceased, and Guardian to the heirs of said BENSON, having presented her first account of Guardianship of said Wards:

ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*
61

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

ON the petition of THOMAS CLARK, administrator on the estate of *LEONARD PRATT*, late of *Paris*, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of *three hundred* and *ninety-one dollars* and *eight cents*, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. BENJA. CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*
61

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

RUTH PARK administratrix on the estate of *CALEB PARK*, late of Dixfield, deceased, having presented her second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said county, on the fourteenth day of September next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.
60

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ASA HOLT,
late of *Weld*, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to STEPHEN HOLT.
Weld, Aug. 23, 1825. 60*

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Waterford.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and parts of lots of Land, in *Waterford*, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824, town, state and county, and deficiency of highway tax, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

Proprietors.	*No. Lots.*	*No. Range.*	*No. Acres.*	*Value.*	*State, Co. and Town tax.*	*Highway tax 1823.*	*Total.*
Unknown,	11	13	160	$96	$2,06	$2,32	$4,38
Do.	11	12	160	64	1,34	1,52	2,86
Do.	11	11	160	64	1,34	1,52	2,86
Do.	6	11	160	25	0,53	0,00	0,53
Do.	7	11	160	100	2,10	2,37	4,47
Do.	12	1	160	23	0,48	0,54	1,02
Do. W. part,	12	5	60	37	0,78	0,88	1,66
Do.	4	8	160	127	2,67	3,02	5,69
Do.	8	14	160	98		2,52	2,32
Do.	9	13	160	75		1,69	1,69
Do.	12	9	160	98		2,32	2,32
Do.	11	3	160	50		0,59	0,29
Do.	1	10	160	62		0,36	0,36
Do. N. part,	4	1	100	67		1,60	1,60
Do. N. part,	6	7	16	50		0,54	0,54
Do. W. part,	7	10	50	37		0,67	0,67

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the twentieth day of September next, at nine o'clock, A. M. so much of each of said lots and parts of lots as will pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the house of the subscriber in said Waterford.

WM. MORSE, Jr. *Collector of Waterford, for the year 1824.*
Waterford, Aug. 3, 1825. 61*

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. JACOB JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS

in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.

CYRUS B. NORRIS.
Paris, July 16, 1825. tf 55

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